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# THE PAPYRUS SERIES

*Suppressed Poems of* ALFRED LORD TENNYSON

*Three hundred Copies*  
*Off-printed from the "Avon Booklet"*

Suppressed Poems  
OF  
ALFRED  
LORD TENNYSON  
1830-1862

*Including the Prize Poem "Timbuctoo" and  
the original (1833) version of  
"The Lover's Tale"*

EDITED BY  
J. C. THOMSON  
*Editor of "Bibliography of Charles Dickens," etc.*

WARWICK  
J. THOMSON, AVON GLEN  
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1904





## FOREWORD

*In the following pages are given, with a few insignificant exceptions, all the poems at one time deemed by Tennyson worthy of publication, and afterwards rigorously suppressed. This is the first time an effort has been made to present the entire series complete in one volume. Many tentative efforts have previously been made, notably by the late Mr Herne Shepherd, to republish the more important of these poems, but in the result all were rigorously repressed by Tennyson's orders. The expiry of copyright in 1900 made unrestrained republication possible, and in that year Mr J. R. Tutin issued a small volume containing "Timbuctoo" with a few of the other suppressed poems. This was immediately followed by Mr Churton Collins' annotated variorum edition of Tennyson's 1842 volumes, in which all the poems suppressed from the volumes of 1830 and 1833 were reprinted along with "Timbuctoo." Tennyson's contributions to the old-time annuals and magazines were however ignored.*

*The pages that follow contain probably little of very high poetic merit, but without doubt much of extraordinary literary interest. Tennyson is a brilliant example of the adage that "genius is the capacity of taking infinite pains." Born probably with little more than the average gift for rhyme, he early in life determined to be a poet, as another might determine to be a doctor or a soldier. From that determination Tennyson never wavered. Born into an assured social position in the middle class he never knew poverty, as poverty. The want of pence against which he sometimes railed was relative,—never absolute. He could afford to keep almost unbroken silence for ten years. Happier than most men he had the divine gift of patience. He could work and wait, and in waiting gained all he wished for.*

*How it comes that a volume of 130 pages is required to contain his suppressed poems is therefore easy of comprehension. The gradual development of his genius made Tennyson keenly sensitive of the supposed failures of his earlier work, and rather absurdly anxious to suppress what he called "the rubbish shot from his full finish'd cantos." Very conscious always of his own powers, he subjected even his published poems to a continual process of emendation, so that for his future editors he has provided a very mountain of research. What little*

claim might have been advanced for a due regard to Tennyson's known wishes in the matter of his suppressed poems is of no avail since the publication of the "Life" by his son, Hallam. There we are given a number of poems Tennyson himself never thought worthy of publication, and the further curious spectacle is presented of many of his suppressed poems being reprinted not as originally published, but with numerous alterations. So changed, they are of no value to the student of literature, and only for such is it worth while reprinting them. Better for Tennyson had he allowed his earlier work to stand untampered with, claiming such indulgence as earlier work always receives. And it should always be remembered that much of the work Tennyson sought to suppress was written after the age at which Keats, Byron and Shelley had done their work and died. 13. viii. 47.

# CONTENTS

	PAGE
Timbuctoo ... ..	I
From "Poems chiefly Lyrical":	
The "How" and the "Why" ... ..	13
The Burial of Love ... ..	15
To — ... ..	16
Song ... ..	17
Song ... ..	18
Hero to Leander ... ..	20
The Mystic ... ..	22
The Grasshopper ... ..	24
Love, Pride and Forgetfulness ... ..	26
Chorus ... ..	27
Lost Hope ... ..	28
The Tears of Heaven ... ..	29
Love and Sorrow ... ..	30
To a Lady Sleeping ... ..	31
Sonnet ... ..	32
Sonnet ... ..	33
Sonnet ... ..	34
Sonnet ... ..	35
Love ... ..	36
English War Song ... ..	38
National Song ... ..	40
Dualisms ... ..	42
οἱ ῥέοντες ... ..	43
Song ... ..	44
A Fragment ("The Gem," 1831) ... ..	46
Anacreontics ("The Gem," 1831) ... ..	48
No More ("The Gem," 1831)... ..	48
Sonnet ("Englishman's Magazine," 1831) ... ..	49
Sonnet ("Friendship's Offering," 1832) ... ..	50

	PAGE
Sonnet ("Yorkshire Literary Annual," 1832)	51
From "Poems," 1833 :	
Sonnet ... ..	52
The Hesperides ... ..	53
Rosalind ... ..	58
Song ... ..	59
Sonnet... ..	60
O Darling Room ... ..	61
To Christopher North ... ..	62
The Lotos-Eaters ... ..	63
A Dream of Fair Women ... ..	65
To Bewick ... ..	66
Cambridge ... ..	67
The Germ of "Maud" ... ..	68
The Skipping Rope ("Poems," 1842) ...	70
The New Timon and The Poets ("Punch," 1846) ... ..	71
Mablethorpe ("Manchester Athenæum Al- bum," 1850) ... ..	73
"What Time I wasted Youthful Hours" ("Keepsake," 1851) ... ..	74
Britons, Guard your Own ("Examiner," 1852)	75
Hands all Round ("Examiner," 1852) ...	78
Suggested by Reading an Article in a News- paper ("Examiner," 1852) ... ..	81
The Lover's Tale (1833) ... ..	86

# Tennyson's Suppressed Poems



## Timbuctoo

A POEM

WHICH OBTAINED

THE CHANCELLOR'S MEDAL

AT THE

*Cambridge Commencement*

MDCCCXXIX

BY

A. TENNYSON

Of Trinity College.

[Printed in *Cambridge Chronicle and Journal* of Friday, July 10, 1829, and at the University Press by James Smith, among the *Prolusiones Academicæ Præmiis annuis dignatæ, et in Curiâ Cantabrigiensi Recitatæ Comitiiis Maximis*, MDCCCXXIX. Republished in *Cambridge Prize Poems*, 1813 to 1858, by Messrs. Macmillan in 1859, without alteration; and in 1893 in the appendix to a reprint of *Poems by Two Brothers*.]

Deep in that lion-haunted inland lies  
A mystic city, goal of high Emprize.

—CHAPMAN.\*

I STOOD upon the Mountain which o'erlooks  
The narrow seas, whose rapid interval  
Parts Afric from green Europe, when the Sun  
Had fall'n below th' Atlantick, and above

---

\* Mr Swinburne has failed to find this couplet in any of Chapman's original poems or translations, and is of opinion that it is Tennyson's own.

## TIMBUCTOO

The silent Heavens were blench'd with faery  
light,  
Uncertain whether faery light or cloud,  
Flowing Southward, and the chasms of deep,  
deep blue  
Slumber'd unfathomable, and the stars  
Were flooded over with clear glory and pale.  
I gaz'd upon the sheeny coast beyond,  
There where the Giant of old Time infix'd  
The limits of his prowess, pillars high  
Long time eras'd from Earth : even as the sea  
When weary of wild inroad buildeth up  
Huge mounds whereby to stay his yeasty  
waves.

And much I mus'd on legends quaint and old  
Which whilome won the hearts of all on Earth  
Toward their brightness, ev'n as flame draws  
air ;

But had their being in the heart of Man  
As air is th' life of flame : and thou wert then  
A center'd glory-circled Memory,  
Divinest Atalantis, whom the waves  
Have buried deep, and thou of later name  
Imperial Eldorado roof'd with gold :  
Shadows to which, despite all shocks of  
Change,  
All on-set of capricious Accident,  
Men clung with yearning Hope which would  
not die.

As when in some great City where the walls  
Shake, and the streets with ghastly faces  
throng'd

## TIMBUCTOO

Do utter forth a subterranean voice,  
Among the inner columns far retir'd  
At midnight, in the lone Acropolis.  
Before the awful Genius of the place  
Kneels the pale Priestess in deep faith, the  
while

Above her head the weak lamp dips and winks  
Unto the fearful summoning without :  
Nathless she ever clasps the marble knees,  
Bathes the cold hand with tears, and gazeth on  
Those eyes which wear no light but that  
wherewith

Her phantasy informs them.

Where are ye  
Thrones of the Western wave, fair Islands  
green?  
Where are your moonlight halls, your cedarn  
glooms,  
The blossoming abysses of your hills?  
Your flowering Capes and your gold-sanded  
bays  
Blown round with happy airs of odorous winds?  
Where are the infinite ways which, Seraph-  
trod,  
Wound thro' your great Elysian solitudes,  
Whose lowest depths were, as with visible  
love,  
Fill'd with Divine effulgence, circumfus'd,  
Flowing between the clear and polish'd stems,  
And ever circling round their emerald cones  
In coronals and glories, such as gird



## TIMBUCTOO

The unfading foreheads of the Saints in Heaven?

For nothing visible, they say, had birth  
In that blest ground but it was play'd about  
With its peculiar glory. Then I rais'd  
My voice and cried "Wide Afric, doth thy Sun  
Lighten, thy hills enfold a City as fair  
As those which starr'd the night o' the Elder  
World?"

Or is the rumour of thy Timbuctoo  
A dream as frail as those of ancient Time?"

A curve of whitening, flashing, ebbing light!  
A rustling of white wings! The bright descent  
Of a young Seraph! and he stood beside me  
There on the ridge, and look'd into my face  
With his unutterable, shining orbs,  
So that with hasty motion I did veil  
My vision with both hands, and saw before me  
Such colour'd spots as dance athwart the  
eyes

Of those that gaze upon the noonday Sun.  
Girt with a Zone of flashing gold beneath  
His breast, and compass'd round about his  
brow

With triple arch of everchanging bows,  
And circled with the glory of living light  
And alternation of all hues, he stood.

"O child of man, why muse you here alone  
Upon the Mountain, on the dreams of old  
Which fill'd the Earth with passing loveliness,



TIMBUCTOO

Which flung strange music on the howling  
winds,  
And odours rapt from remote Paradise?  
Thy sense is clogg'd with dull mortality,  
Thy spirit fetter'd with the bond of clay:  
Open thine eye and see."

I look'd, but not  
Upon his face, for it was wonderful  
With its exceeding brightness, and the light  
Of the great angel mind which look'd from out  
The starry glowing of his restless eyes.  
I felt my soul grow mighty, and my spirit  
With supernatural excitation bound  
Within me, and my mental eye grew large  
With such a vast circumference of thought,  
That in my vanity I seem'd to stand  
Upon the outward verge and bound alone  
Of full beatitude. Each failing sense  
As with a momentary flash of light  
Grew thrillingly distinct and keen. I saw  
The smallest grain that dappled the dark  
Earth,  
The indistinctest atom in deep air,  
The Moon's white cities, and the opal width  
Of her small glowing lakes, her silver heights  
Unvisited with dew of vagrant cloud,  
And the unsounded, undescended depth  
Of her black hollows. The clear Galaxy  
Shorn of its hoary lustre, wonderful,  
Distinct and vivid with sharp points of light  
Blaze within blaze, an unimagined depth

TIMBUCTOO

And harmony of planet-girded Suns  
And moon-encircled planets, wheel in wheel,  
Arch'd the wan Sapphire. Nay, the hum of  
men,  
Or other things talking in unknown tongues,  
And notes of busy life in distant worlds  
Beat like a far wave on my anxious ear.

A maze of piercing, trackless, thrilling  
thoughts  
Involving and embracing each with each  
Rapid as fire, inextricably link'd,  
Expanding momentarily with every sight  
And sound which struck the palpitating sense,  
The issue of strong impulse, hurried through  
The riv'n rapt brain : as when in some large  
lake  
From pressure of descendant crags, which  
lapse  
Disjointed, crumbling from their parent slope  
At slender interval, the level calm  
Is ridg'd with restless and increasing spheres  
Which break upon each other, each th' effect  
Of separate impulse, but more fleet and strong  
Than its precursor, till the eye in vain  
Amid the wild unrest of swimming shade  
Dappled with hollow and alternate rise  
Of interpenetrated arc, would scan  
Definite round.

I know not if I shape  
These things with accurate similitude  
From visible objects, for but dimly now,

TIMBUCTOO

Less vivid than a half-forgotten dream,  
The memory of that mental excellence  
Comes o'er me, and it may be I entwine  
The indecision of my present mind  
With its past clearness, yet it seems to me  
As even then the torrent of quick thought  
Absorbed me from the nature of itself  
With its own fleetness. Where is he that,  
borne

Adown the sloping of an arrowy stream,  
Could link his shallop to the fleeting edge,  
And muse midway with philosophic calm  
Upon the wondrous laws which regulate  
The fierceness of the bounding element?  
My thoughts which long had grovell'd in the  
slime

Of this dull world, like dusky worms which  
house

Beneath unshaken waters, but at once  
Upon some earth-awakening day of spring  
Do pass from gloom to glory, and aloft  
Winnow the purple, bearing on both sides  
Double display of starlit wings which burn  
Fanlike and fibred, with intensest bloom:  
E'en so my thoughts, erewhile so low, now felt  
Unutterable buoyancy and strength  
To bear them upward through the trackless  
fields

Of undefin'd existence far and free.

Then first within the South methought I saw  
A wilderness of spires, and chrystal pile

TIMBUCTOO

Of rampart upon rampart, dome on dome,  
Illimitable range of battlement  
On battlement, and the Imperial height  
Of Canopy o'er-canopied.

Behind,  
In diamond light, upsprung the dazzling  
Cones  
Of Pyramids, as far surpassing Earth's  
As Heaven than Earth is fairer. Each aloft  
Upon his narrow'd Eminence bore globes  
Of wheeling suns, or stars, or semblances  
Of either, showering circular abyss  
Of radiance. But the glory of the place  
Stood out a pillar'd front of burnish'd gold  
Interminably high, if gold it were  
Or metal more etheréal, and beneath  
Two doors of blinding brilliance, where no  
gaze  
Might rest, stood open, and the eye could scan  
Through length of porch and lake and bound-  
less hall,  
Part of a throne of fiery flame, wherefrom  
The snowy skirting of a garment hung,  
And glimpse of multitudes of multitudes  
That minister'd around it—if I saw  
These things distinctly, for my human brain  
Stagger'd beneath the vision, and thick night  
Came down upon my eyelids, and I fell.

With ministering hand he rais'd me up ;  
Then with a mournful and ineffable smile,

## TIMBUCTOO

Which but to look on for a moment fill'd  
My eyes with irresistible sweet tears,  
In accents of majestic melody,  
Like a swol'n river's gushings in still night  
Mingled with floating music, thus he spake :

“There is no mightier Spirit than I to sway  
The heart of man : and teach him to attain  
By shadowing forth the Unattainable ;  
And step by step to scale that mighty stair  
Whose landing-place is wrapt about with  
clouds

Of glory of Heaven.\* With earliest Light of  
Spring,

And in the glow of fallow Summertime,  
And in red Autumn when the winds are wild  
With gambols, and when full-voiced Winter  
roofs

The headland with inviolate white snow,  
I play about his heart a thousand ways,  
Visit his eyes with visions, and his ears  
With harmonies of wind and wave and wood  
—Of winds which tell of waters, and of waters  
Betraying the close kisses of the wind—  
And win him unto me : and few there be  
So gross of heart who have not felt and known  
A higher than they see : They with dim eyes  
Behold me darkling. Lo ! I have given *thee*  
To understand my presence, and to feel

---

\* Be ye perfect even as your Father in Heaven  
is perfect.

TIMBUCTOO

My fullness ; I have fill'd thy lips with power.  
I have rais'd thee nigher to the Spheres of  
Heaven,

Man's first, last home : and thou with ravish'd  
sense

Listenest the lordly music flowing from  
Th' illimitable years. I am the Spirit,  
The permeating life which courseth through  
All th' intricate and labyrinthine veins  
Of the great vine of *Fable*, which, outspread  
With growth of shadowing leaf and clusters  
rare,

Reacheth to every corner under Heaven,  
Deep-rooted in the living soil of truth :  
So that men's hopes and fears take refuge in  
The fragrance of its complicated glooms  
And cool impleachèd twilights. Child of Man,  
See'st thou yon river, whose translucent wave,  
Forth issuing from darkness, windeth through  
The argent streets o' the City, imaging  
The soft inversion of her tremulous Domes :  
Her gardens frequent with the stately Palm,  
Her Pagods hung with music of sweet bells :  
Her obelisks of rangèd Chrysolite,  
Minarets and towers? Lo! how he passeth  
by,

And gulphs himself in sands, as not enduring  
To carry through the world those waves, which  
bore

The reflex of my City in their depths.

Oh City! Oh latest Throne! where I was  
rais'd



## TIMBUCTOO

To be a mystery of loveliness  
Unto all eyes, the time is well nigh come  
When I must render up this glorious home  
To keen *Discovery*: soon yon brilliant towers  
Shall darken with the waving of her wand;  
Darken, and shrink and shiver into huts,  
Black specks amid a waste of dreary sand,  
Low-built, mud-wall'd, Barbarian settlement,  
How chang'd from this fair City!"

Thus far the Spirit:

Then parted Heavenward on the wing: and I  
Was left alone on Calpe, and the Moon  
Had fallen from the night, and all was dark!

[A few lines from "Timbuctoo" were incorporated in "Ode to Memory" (1830) and "The Lover's Tale" (1833)].

[The following review of "Timbuctoo" was published in the *Athenæum* of July 22, 1829: "We have accustomed ourselves to think, perhaps without any very good reason, that poetry was likely to perish among us for a considerable period after the great generation of poets which is now passing away. The age seems determined to contradict us, and that in the most decided manner; for it has put forth poetry by a young man, and that where we should least expect it—namely, in a prize poem. These productions have often been ingenious and elegant, but we have never before seen one of them which indicated really first-rate poetical genius, and which would have done honour to any men that ever wrote. Such, we do not hesitate to affirm, is the little work before us; and the examiners seem to

## TIMBUCTOO

have felt it like ourselves, for they have assigned the prize to the author, though the measure in which he writes was never before, we believe, thus selected for honour. We extract a few lines to justify our admiration (50 lines, 62-112, quoted). How many men have lived for a century who could equal this?" At the time when this highly eulogistic notice of the youthful unknown poet appeared, the *Athenæum* was edited by John Sterling and Frederick Denison Maurice, its then proprietors.]



[The following poems, numbered I-XXIV, appeared in the volume *Poems chiefly Lyrical*. London: Effingham Wilson, Royal Exchange, 1830. They were never republished by Tennyson: nor were they obtainable in England in any form until the appearance of Mr Churton Collins' edition of Tennyson's Early Poems. In America, however, they have been current in various more or less incomplete forms.]

I

The "How" and the "Why"

I AM any man's suitor,  
 If any will be my tutor :  
 Some say this life is pleasant,  
 Some think it speedeth fast :  
 In time there is no present,  
 In eternity no future,  
 In eternity no past.  
 We laugh, we cry, we are born, we die,  
 Who will riddle me the *how* and the *why* ?

The bulrush nods unto his brother  
 The wheatears whisper to each other :  
 What is it they say? What do they there?  
 Why two and two make four? Why round  
 is not square?  
 Why the rocks stand still, and the light clouds  
 fly?

POEMS CHIEFLY LYRICAL

Why the heavy oak groans, and the white  
willows sigh?  
Why deep is not high, and high is not deep?  
Whether we wake or whether we sleep?  
Whether we sleep or whether we die?  
How you are you? Why I am I?  
Who will riddle me the *how* and the *why*?

The world is somewhat; it goes on somehow;  
But what is the meaning of *then* and *now*?  
I feel there is something; but how and what?  
I know there is somewhat; but what and why?  
I cannot tell if that somewhat be I.

The little bird pipeth "why? why?"  
In the summerwoods when the sun falls low,  
And the great bird sits on the opposite bough,  
And stares in his face and shouts "how?  
how?"  
And the black owl scuds down the mellow  
twilight,  
And chaunts "how? how?" the whole of the  
night.

Why the life goes when the blood is spilt?  
What the life is? where the soul may lie?  
Why a church is with a steeple built;  
And a house with a chimney-pot?  
Who will riddle me the how and the what?  
Who will riddle me the what and the why?

II

The Burial of Love

His eyes in eclipse,  
Pale cold his lips,  
The light of his hopes unfed,  
Mute his tongue,  
His bow unstrung  
With the tears he hath shed,  
Backward drooping his graceful head.

Love is dead ;  
His last arrow sped ;  
He hath not another dart ;  
Go—carry him to his dark deathbed ;  
Bury him in the cold, cold heart—  
Love is dead.

Oh, truest love! art thou forlorn,  
And unrevenged? thy pleasant wiles  
Forgotten, and thine innocent joy?  
Shall hollow-hearted apathy,  
The cruellest form of perfect scorn,  
With languor of most hateful smiles,  
For ever write  
In the weathered light  
Of the tearless eye  
An epitaph that all may spy?  
No! sooner she herself shall die.

POEMS CHIEFLY LYRICAL

For her the showers shall not fall,  
Nor the round sun that shineth to all ;  
    Her light shall into darkness change ;  
For her the green grass shall not spring,  
Nor the rivers flow, nor the sweet birds sing,  
    Till Love have his full revenge.



III

To —

SAINTED Juliet ! dearest name !  
    If to love be life alone,  
    Divinest Juliet,  
    I love thee, and live ; and yet  
Love unreturned is like the fragrant flame  
    Folding the slaughter of the sacrifice  
    Offered to Gods upon an altar throne ;  
My heart is lighted at thine eyes,  
Changed into fire, and blown about with sighs.

IV  
Song

I

I' the glooming light  
Of middle night,  
So cold and white,  
Worn Sorrow sits by the moaning wave ;  
Beside her are laid  
Her mattock and spade,  
For she hath half delved her own deep grave.  
Alone she is there :  
The white clouds drizzle: her hair falls loose ;  
Her shoulders are bare ;  
Her tears are mixed with the bearded dews.

II

Death standeth by ;  
She will not die ;  
With glazed eye  
She looks at her grave : she cannot sleep ;  
Ever alone  
She maketh her moan :  
She cannot speak ; she can only weep ;  
For she will not hope.  
The thick snow falls on her flake by flake,  
The dull wave mourns down the slope,  
The world will not change, and her heart will  
not break.

V

Song

I

EVERY day hath its night :  
    Every night its morn :  
Through dark and bright  
    Wingèd hours are borne ;  
    Ah ! welaway !  
Seasons flower and fade ;  
    Golden calm and storm  
    Mingle day by day.  
    There is no bright form  
Doth not cast a shade—  
    Ah ! welaway !

II

When we laugh, and our mirth  
    Apes the happy vein,  
We're so kin to earth  
    Pleasaunce fathers pain—  
    Ah ! welaway !  
Madness laugheth loud :  
    Laughter bringeth tears :  
    Eyes are worn away  
    Till the end of fears  
Cometh in the shroud,  
    Ah ! welaway !

*POEMS CHIEFLY LYRICAL*

III

All is change, woe or weal ;  
    Joy is sorrow's brother ;  
Grief and sadness steal  
    Symbols of each other ;  
    Ah ! welaway !  
Larks in heaven's cope  
    Sing : the culvers mourn  
    All the livelong day.  
    Be not all forlorn ;  
Let us weep in hope—  
    Ah ! welaway !

VI

Hero to Leander

OH go not yet, my love,  
The night is dark and vast ;  
The white moon is hid in her heaven above,  
And the waves climb high and fast.  
Oh! kiss me, kiss me, once again,  
Lest thy kiss should be the last.  
Oh kiss me ere we part ;  
Grow closer to my heart.  
My heart is warmer surely than the bosom of  
the main.

Oh joy! O bliss of blisses !  
My heart of hearts art thou.  
Come bathe me with thy kisses,  
My eyelids and my brow.  
Hark how the wild rain hisses,  
And the loud sea roars below.

Thy heart beats through thy rosy limbs  
So gladly doth it stir ;  
Thine eye in drops of gladness swims.  
I have bathed thee with the pleasant  
myrrh ;  
Thy locks are dripping balm ;  
Thou shalt not wander hence to-night,  
I'll stay thee with my kisses.



*POEMS CHIEFLY LYRICAL*

To-night the roaring brine  
Will rend thy golden tresses ;  
    The ocean with the morrow light  
Will be both blue and calm ;  
    And the billow will embrace thee with a  
    kiss as soft as mine.

No western odours wander  
    On the black and moaning sea,  
And when thou art dead, Leander,  
    My soul must follow thee !  
Oh go not yet, my love,  
    Thy voice is sweet and low ;  
The deep salt wave breaks in above  
    Those marble steps below.  
The turretstairs are wet  
    That lead into the sea.  
Leander ! go not yet.  
The pleasant stars have set :  
Oh ! go not, go not yet,  
    Or I will follow thee.

VII

The Mystic

ANGELS have talked with him, and showed  
him thrones :

Ye knew him not : he was not one of ye,  
Ye scorned him with an undiscerning scorn :  
Ye could not read the marvel in his eye,  
The still serene abstraction ; he hath felt  
The vanities of after and before ;  
Albeit, his spirit and his secret heart  
The stern experiences of converse lives,  
The linkèd woes of many a fiery change  
Had purified, and chastened, and made free.  
Always there stood before him, night and day,  
Of wayward vary coloured circumstance,  
The imperishable presences serene,  
Colossal, without form, or sense, or sound,  
Dim shadows but unwaning presences  
Fourfacèd to four corners of the sky ;  
And yet again, three shadows, fronting one,  
One forward, one respectant, three but one ;  
And yet again, again and evermore,  
For the two first were not, but only seemed  
One shadow in the midst of a great light,  
One reflex from eternity on time,  
One mighty countenance of perfect calm,  
Awful with most invariable eyes.

*POEMS CHIEFLY LYRICAL*

For him the silent congregated hours,  
Daughters of time, divinely tall, beneath  
Severe and youthful brows, with shining eyes  
Smiling a godlike smile (the innocent light  
Of earliest youth pierced through and through  
with all

Keen knowledges of low-embowèd eld)  
Upheld, and ever hold aloft the cloud  
Which droops low hung on either gate of life,  
Both birth and death ; he in the centre fixt,  
Saw far on each side through the grated gates  
Most pale and clear and lovely distances.

He often lying broad awake, and yet  
Remaining from the body, and apart  
In intellect and power and will, hath heard  
Time flowing in the middle of the night,  
And all things creeping to a day of doom.  
How could ye know him? Ye were yet within  
The narrower circle ; he had wellnigh reached  
The last, with which a region of white flame,  
Pure without heat, into a larger air  
Upburning, and an ether of black blue,  
Investeth and ingirds all other lives.

VIII

The Grasshopper

I

VOICE of the summerwind,  
Joy of the summerplain,  
Life of the summerhours,  
Carol clearly, bound along.  
No Tithon thou as poets feign  
(Shame fall 'em they are deaf and blind)  
But an insect lithe and strong,  
Bowing the seeded summerflowers.  
Prove their falsehood and thy quarrel,  
Vaulting on thine airy feet.  
Clap thy shielded sides and carol,  
Carol clearly, chirrup sweet  
Thou art a mailéd warrior in youth and  
strength complete ;  
Armed cap-a-pie,  
Full fair to see ;  
Unknowing fear,  
Undreading loss,  
A gallant cavalier  
*Sans peur et sans reproche,*  
In sunlight and in shadow,  
The Bayard of the meadow.

II

I would dwell with thee,  
    Merry grasshopper,  
Thou art so glad and free,  
    And as light as air ;  
Thou hast no sorrow or tears,  
Thou hast no compt of years,  
No withered immortality,  
But a short youth sunny and free.  
Carol clearly, bound along,  
    Soon thy joy is over,  
A summer of loud song,  
    And slumbers in the clover.  
    What hast thou to do with evil  
    In thine hour of love and revel,  
    In thy heat of summerpride,  
    Pushing the thick roots aside  
    Of the singing flowerèd grasses,  
    That brush thee with their silken tresses?  
What hast thou to do with evil,  
Shooting, singing, ever springing  
    In and out the emerald glooms,  
Ever leaping, ever singing,  
    Lighting on the golden blooms?

IX

Love, Pride and Forgetfulness

ERE yet my heart was sweet Love's tomb,  
Love laboured honey busily.  
I was the hive and Love the bee,  
My heart the honey-comb.  
One very dark and chilly night  
Pride came beneath and held a light.

The cruel vapours went through all,  
Sweet Love was withered in his cell;  
Pride took Love's sweets, and by a spell  
Did change them into gall;  
And Memory tho' fed by Pride  
Did wax so thin on gall,  
Awhile she scarcely lived at all,  
What marvel that she died?

X

Chorus

*In an unpublished drama written very early*

THE varied earth, the moving heaven,  
The rapid waste of roving sea,  
The fountainpregnant mountains riven  
To shapes of wildest anarchy,  
By secret fire and midnight storms  
That wander round their windy cones,  
The subtle life, the countless forms  
Of living things, the wondrous tones  
Of man and beast are full of strange  
Astonishment and boundless change.

The day, the diamonded light,  
The echo, feeble child of sound,  
The heavy thunder's girding might,  
The herald lightning's starry bound,  
The vocal spring of bursting bloom,  
The naked summer's glowing birth,  
The troublous autumn's sallow gloom,  
The hoarhead winter paving earth  
With sheeny white, are full of strange  
Astonishment and boundless change.

Each sun which from the centre flings  
    Grand music and redundant fire,  
The burning belts, the mighty rings,  
    The murmurous planets' rolling choir,  
The globefilled arch that, cleaving air,  
    Lost in its effulgence sleeps,  
The lawless comets as they glare,  
    And thunder thro' the sapphire deeps  
In wayward strength, are full of strange  
Astonishment and boundless change.



XI.

Lost Hope

You cast to ground the hope which once was  
    mine,  
    But did the while your harsh decree de-  
    plore,  
Embalming with sweet tears the vacant shrine,  
    My heart, where Hope had been and  
    was no more.

So on an oaken sprout  
    A goodly acorn grew ;  
But winds from heaven shook the acorn out,  
    And filled the cup with dew.



XII

The Tears of Heaven

HEAVEN weeps above the earth all night till  
morn,

In darkness weeps, as all ashamed to weep,  
Because the earth hath made her state forlorn  
With selfwrought evils of unnumbered years,  
And doth the fruit of her dishonour reap.

And all the day heaven gathers back her tears  
Into her own blue eyes so clear and deep,  
And showering down the glory of lightsome  
day,

Smiles on the earth's worn brow to win her if  
she may.

XIII

Love and Sorrow

O MAIDEN, fresher than the first green leaf  
With which the fearful springtide flecks the  
lea,

Weep not, Almeida, that I said to thee  
That thou hast half my heart, for bitter grief  
Doth hold the other half in sovrantry.

Thou art my heart's sun in love's crystalline :  
Yet on both sides at once thou canst not shine:  
Thine is the bright side of my heart, and thine  
My heart's day, but the shadow of my heart,  
Issue of its own substance, my heart's night  
Thou canst not lighten even with *thy* light,  
All powerful in beauty as thou art.

Almeida, if my heart were substanceless,  
Then might thy rays pass thro' to the other  
side,

So swiftly, that they nowhere would abide,  
But lose themselves in utter emptiness.

Half-light, half-shadow, let my spirit sleep ;  
They never learnt to love who never knew to  
weep.

XIV

To a Lady Sleeping

O THOU whose fringed lids I gaze upon,  
Through whose dim brain the wingèd dreams  
are borne,  
Unroof the shrines of clearest vision,  
In honour of the silverfleckèd morn :  
Long hath the white wave of the virgin light  
Driven back the billow of the dreamful dark.  
Thou all unwittingly prolongest night,  
Though long ago listening the poisèd lark,  
With eyes dropt downward through the blue  
serene,  
Over heaven's parapets the angels lean.

XV

Sonnet

COULD I outwear my present state of woe  
With one brief winter, and indue i' the spring  
Hues of fresh youth, and mightily outgrow  
The wan dark coil of faded suffering—  
Forth in the pride of beauty issuing  
A sheeny snake, the light of vernal bowers,  
Moving his crest to all sweet plots of flowers  
And watered vallies where the young birds  
sing ;  
Could I thus hope my lost delights renewing,  
I straightly would commend the tears to creep  
From my charged lids ; but inwardly I weep :  
Some vital heat as yet my heart is wooing :  
This to itself hath drawn the frozen rain  
From my cold eyes and melted it again.

XVI

Sonnet

THOUGH Night hath climbed her peak of  
highest noon,  
And bitter blasts the screaming autumn whirl,  
All night through archways of the bridgèd  
pearl  
And portals of pure silver walks the moon.  
Wake on, my soul, nor crouch to agony:  
Turn cloud to light, and bitterness to joy,  
And dross to gold with glorious alchemy,  
Basing thy throne above the world's annoy.  
Reign thou above the storms of sorrow and  
ruth  
That roar beneath ; unshaken peace hath won  
thee :  
So shalt thou pierce the woven glooms of  
truth ;  
So shall the blessing of the meek be on thee ;  
So in thine hour of dawn, the body's youth,  
An honourable eld shall come upon thee.

XVII

Sonnet

SHALL the hag Evil die with child of Good,  
Or propagate again her loathèd kind,  
Thronging the cells of the diseased mind,  
Hateful with hanging cheeks, a withered brood,  
Though hourly pastured on the salient blood?  
Oh! that the wind which bloweth cold or heat  
Would shatter and o'erbear the brazen beat  
Of their broad vans, and in the solitude  
Of middle space confound them, and blow  
back  
Their wild cries down their cavernthroats,  
and slake  
With points of blastborne hail their heated  
eyne!  
So their wan limbs no more might come be-  
tween  
The moon and the moon's reflex in the night;  
Nor blot with floating shades the solar light.

XVIII

Sonnet

THE pallid thunderstricken sigh for gain,  
Down an ideal stream they ever float,  
And sailing on Pactolus in a boat,  
Drown soul and sense, while wistfully they  
    strain

Weak eyes upon the glistening sands that robe  
The understream. The wise could he behold  
Cathedralled caverns of thick-ribbed gold  
And branching silvers of the central globe,  
Would marvel from so beautiful a sight  
How scorn and ruin, pain and hate could flow :  
But Hatred in a gold cave sits below,  
Pleached with her hair, in mail of argent light  
Shot into gold, a snake her forehead clips  
And skins the colour from her trembling lips.

XIX

Love

I

THOU, from the first, unborn, undying love,  
Albeit we gaze not on thy glories near,  
Before the face of God didst breathe and move,  
Though night and pain and ruin and death  
reign here.

Thou foldest, like a golden atmosphere,  
The very throne of the eternal God :  
Passing through thee the edicts of his fear  
Are mellowed into music, borne abroad  
By the loud winds, though they uprend the  
sea,

Even from his central deeps : thine empery  
Is over all : thou wilt not brook eclipse ;  
Thou goest and returnest to His Lips  
Like lightning : thou dost ever brood above  
The silence of all hearts, unutterable Love.

II

To know thee is all wisdom, and old age  
Is but to know thee : dimly we behold thee  
Athwart the veils of evil which enfold thee.  
We beat upon our aching hearts with rage ;  
We cry for thee : we deem the world thy tomb.



POEMS CHIEFLY LYRICAL

As dwellers in lone planets look upon  
The mighty disk of their majestic sun,  
Hollowed in awful chasms of wheeling gloom,  
Making their day dim, so we gaze on thee.  
Come, thou of many crowns, white-robèd love,  
Oh! rend the veil in twain: all men adore  
thee;  
Heaven crieth after thee; earth wailleth for  
thee:  
Breathe on thy wingèd throne, and it shall  
move  
In music and in light o'er land and sea.

III

And now—methinks I gaze upon thee now,  
As on a serpent in his agonies  
Awestricken Indians; what time laid low  
And crushing the thick fragrant reeds he lies,  
When the new year warm breathèd on the  
earth,  
Waiting to light him with his purple skies,  
Calls to him by the fountain to uprise.  
Already with the pangs of a new birth  
Strain the hot spheres of his convulsèd eyes,  
And in his writhings awful hues begin  
To wander down his sable sheeny sides,  
Like light on troubled waters: from within  
Anon he rusheth forth with merry din,  
And in him light and joy and strength abides;  
And from his brows a crown of living light  
Looks through the thickstemmed woods by  
day and night.

XX

## English War Song

Who fears to die? Who fears to die?  
Is there any here who fears to die  
He shall find what he fears, and none shall  
    grieve  
For the man who fears to die;  
But the withering scorn of the many shall  
    cleave  
To the man who fears to die.

*Chorus.*—Shout for England!  
Ho! for England!  
George for England!  
Merry England!  
England for aye!

The hollow at heart shall crouch forlorn,  
He shall eat the bread of common scorn;  
    It shall be steeped in the salt, salt tear,  
    Shall be steeped in his own salt tear:  
Far better, far better he never were born  
    Than to shame merry England here.

*Chorus.*—Shout for England! etc.

POEMS CHIEFLY LYRICAL

There standeth our ancient enemy ;  
Hark ! he shouteth—the ancient enemy !  
    On the ridge of the hill his banners rise ;  
    They stream like fire in the skies ;  
Hold up the Lion of England on high  
    Till it dazzle and blind his eyes.

*Chorus.*—Shout for England ! etc.

Come along ! we alone of the earth are free ;  
The child in our cradles is bolder than he ;  
    For where is the heart and strength of  
    slaves ?  
    Oh ! where is the strength of slaves ?  
He is weak ! we are strong ; he a slave, we  
    are free ;  
    Come along ! we will dig their graves.

*Chorus.*—Shout for England ! etc.

There standeth our ancient enemy ;  
Will he dare to battle with the free ?  
    Spur along ! spur amain ! charge to the  
    fight :  
    Charge ! charge to the fight !  
Hold up the Lion of England on high !  
    Shout for God and our right !

*Chorus.* —Shout for England ! etc.

XXI

National Song

THERE is no land like England  
Where'er the light of day be ;  
There are no hearts like English  
hearts,  
Such hearts of oak as they be.  
There is no land like England  
Where'er the light of day be ;  
There are no men like Englishmen,  
So tall and bold as they be.

*Chorus.*—For the French the Pope may  
shrive 'em,  
For the devil a whit we heed 'em,  
As for the French, God speed 'em  
Unto their hearts' desire,  
And the merry devil drive 'em  
Through the water and the fire.

*Chorus.*—Our glory is our freedom,  
We lord it o'er the sea ;  
We are the sons of freedom,  
We are free.

POEMS CHIEFLY LYRICAL

There is no land like England,  
Where'er the light of day be ;  
There are no wives like English  
wives,

So fair and chaste as they be.  
There is no land like England,  
Where'er the light of day be,  
There are no maids like English  
maids,  
So beautiful as they be.

*Chorus.*—For the French, etc.

[Sixty years after first publication this Song was republished as the opening chorus of the second act of "The Foresters." Two new choruses were substituted for the original ones, but the two verses are unchanged].

XXII

Dualisms

Two bees within a chrystal flowerbell rockèd  
Hum a lovelay to the westwind at noontide.  
Both alike, they buzz together,  
Both alike, they hum together  
Through and through the flowered heather.

Where in a creeping cove the wave unshockèd  
Lays itself calm and wide,  
Over a stream two birds of glancing feather  
Do woo each other, carolling together.  
Both alike, they glide together  
Side by side ;  
Both alike, they sing together,  
Arching blue-glossèd necks beneath the purple  
weather.

Two children lovelier than love, adown the  
lea are singing,  
As they gambol, lilygarlands ever stringing :  
Both in blosmwhite silk are frockèd :  
Like, unlike, they roam together  
Under a summervault of golden weather ;  
Like, unlike, they sing together  
Side by side ;  
Mid May's darling goldenlockèd,  
Summer's tanling diamondeyed.

XXIII

οἱ ῥέοντες

I

ALL thoughts, all creeds, all dreams are true,  
All visions wild and strange;  
Man is the measure of all truth  
Unto himself. All truth is change :  
All men do walk in sleep, and all  
Have faith in that they dream :  
For all things are as they seem to all,  
And all things flow like a stream.

II

There is no rest, no calm, no pause,  
Nor good nor ill, nor light nor shade,  
Nor essence nor eternal laws :  
For nothing is, but all is made,  
But if I dream that all these are,  
They are to me for that I dream ;  
For all things are as they seem to all,  
And all things flow like a stream.

Argal—This very opinion is only true relatively to  
the flowing philosophers. (Tennyson's note.)

XXIV

Song

I

THE lintwhite and the throstlecock  
Have voices sweet and clear ;  
All in the bloomèd May.  
They from the blosmy brere  
Call to the feeting year,  
If that he would them hear  
And stay.  
Alas ! that one so beautiful  
Should have so dull an ear.

II

Fair year, fair year, thy children call,  
But thou art deaf as death ;  
All in the bloomèd May.  
When thy light perisheth  
That from thee issueth,  
Our life evanisheth :  
Oh ! stay.  
Alas ! that lips so cruel dumb  
Should have so sweet a breath !



POEMS CHIEFLY LYRICAL

III

Fair year, with brows of royal love  
Thou comest, as a King.  
All in the bloomèd May.  
Thy golden largess fling,  
And longer hear us sing ;  
Though thou art fleet of wing,  
Yet stay.  
Alas ! that eyes so full of light  
Should be so wandering !

IV

Thy locks are full of sunny sheen  
In rings of gold yronne,\*  
All in the bloomèd May,  
We pri' thee pass not on ;  
If thou dost leave the sun,  
Delight is with thee gone,  
Oh ! stay.  
Thou art the fairest of thy feres,  
We pri' thee pass not on.

\* His crispè hair in ringis was yronne.—  
CHAUCER, *Knight's Tale* (Tennyson's note).

XXV

## A Fragment

[Published in *The Gem: a Literary Annual*. London: W. Marshall, Holborn Bars. mdcccxxxi]

WHERE is the Giant of the Sun, which stood  
In the midnight the glory of old Rhodes,  
A perfect Idol with profulgent brows  
Far sheening down the purple seas to those  
Who sailed from Mizraim underneath the star  
Named of the Dragon—and between whose  
limbs  
Of brassy vastness broad-blown Argosies  
Drave into haven? Yet endure unscathed  
Of changeful cycles the great Pyramids  
Broad-based amid the fleeting sands, and  
sloped  
Into the slumberous summer noon; but  
where,  
Mysterious Egypt, are thine obelisks  
Graven with gorgeous emblems undiscerned?  
Thy placid Sphinxes brooding o'er the Nile?  
Thy shadowing Idols in the solitudes,  
Awful Memnonian countenances calm  
Looking athwart the burning flats, far off  
Seen by the high-necked camel on the verge  
Journeying southward? Where are thy monu-  
ments

*CONTRIBUTIONS TO PERIODICALS*

Piled by the strong and sunborn Anakim  
Over their crowned brethren ON and OPH?  
Thy Memnon, when his peaceful lips are kissed  
With earliest rays, that from his mother's eyes  
Flow over the Arabian bay, no more  
Breathes low into the charmed ears of morn  
Clear melody flattering the crisped Nile  
By columned Thebes. Old Memphis hath  
gone down:  
The Pharaohs are no more: somewhere in  
death  
They sleep with staring eyes and gilded lips,  
Wrapped round with spiced cerements in old  
grots  
Rock-hewn and sealed for ever.

XXVI

Anacreontics

[Published in *The Gem: a Literary Annual*. London: W. Marshall, Holborn Bars. mdcccxxxi]

WITH roses musky breathed,  
And drooping daffodilly,  
And silverleaved lily,  
And ivy darkly-wreathed,  
I wove a crown before her,  
For her I love so dearly,  
A garland for Lenora.  
With a silken cord I bound it.  
Lenora, laughing clearly  
A light and thrilling laughter,  
About her forehead wound it,  
And loved me ever after.

XXVII

[Published in *The Gem: a Literary Annual*. London: W. Marshall, Holborn Bars. mdcccxxxi]

O SAD *No more!* O sweet *No more!*  
O strange *No more!*  
By a mossed brookbank on a stone  
I smelt a wildweed flower alone;  
There was a ringing in my ears,  
And both my eyes gushed out with tears.  
Surely all pleasant things had gone before,  
Low-buried fathom deep beneath with thee,  
NO MORE!

XXVIII

Sonnet

[Published in the *Englishman's Magazine*, August, 1831. London: Edward Moxon, 64 New Bond Street. Reprinted in *Friendship's Offering: a Literary Album* for 1833. London: Smith and Elder. Reprinted in *Life*, vol. I, p. 80.]

CHECK every outflash, every ruder sally  
Of thought and speech ; speak low, and  
give up wholly  
Thy spirit to mild-minded Melancholy ;  
This is the place. Through yonder poplar  
alley  
Below, the blue-green river windeth slowly ;  
But in the middle of the sombre valley  
The crispèd waters whisper musically,  
And all the haunted place is dark and holy.  
The nightingale, with long and low preamble,  
Warbled from yonder knoll of solemn  
larches,  
And in and out the woodbine's flowery  
arches  
The summer midges wove their wanton  
gambol,  
And all the white-stemmed pinewood slept  
above—  
When in this valley first I told my love.

XXIX

Sonnet

[Published in *Friendship's Offering: a Literary Album* for 1832. London: Smith and Elder. Reprinted, unaltered, in *Life*, vol. I, p. 65.]

ME my own fate to lasting sorrow doometh :  
Thy woes are birds of passage, transitory :  
Thy spirit, circled with a living glory,  
In summer still a summer joy resumeth.  
Alone my hopeless melancholy gloometh,  
Like a lone cypress, through the twilight  
hoary,  
From an old garden where no flower  
bloometh,  
One cypress on an inland promontory.  
But yet my lonely spirit follows thine,  
As round the rolling earth night follows  
day :  
But yet thy lights on my horizon shine  
Into my night when thou art far away ;  
I am so dark, alas ! and thou so bright,  
When we two meet there's never perfect  
light.

XXX

## Sonnet

[Published in the *Yorkshire Literary Annual* for 1832. Edited by C. F. Edgar. London: Longman and Co. Reprinted in the *Athenæum*, May 4, 1867]

THERE are three things that fill my heart with  
sighs

And steep my soul in laughter (when I view  
Fair maiden forms moving like melodies),  
Dimples, roselips, and eyes of any hue.

There are three things beneath the blessed  
skies

For which I live—black eyes, and brown and  
blue ;

I hold them all most dear ; but oh ! black  
eyes,

I live and die, and only die for you.

Of late such eyes looked at me—while I  
mused

At sunset, underneath a shadowy plane  
In old Bayona, nigh the Southern Sea—  
From an half-open lattice looked at *me*.

I saw no more only those eyes—confused  
And dazzled to the heart with glorious pain.

[The poems numbered XXXI-XXXIX were published in the 1832 volume *Poems by Alfred Tennyson*. London: Edward Moxon, 64 New Bond Street, MDCCCXXXIII (published December, 1832), and were thereafter suppressed.]

XXXI

Sonnet

OH, Beauty, passing beauty! sweetest Sweet!  
 How canst thou let me waste my youth in  
 sighs?

I only ask to sit beside thy feet.

Thou knowest I dare not look into thine  
 eyes,

Might I but kiss thy hand! I dare not fold  
 My arms about thee—scarcely dare to speak.

And nothing seems to me so wild and bold,  
 As with one kiss to touch thy blessèd cheek.

Methinks if I should kiss thee, no control  
 Within the thrilling brain could keep afloat  
 The subtle spirit. Even while I spoke,

The bare word kiss hath made my inner soul  
 To tremble like a lute-string, ere the note  
 Hath melted in the silence that it broke.



XXXII

## The Hesperides

Hesperus and his daughters three  
That sing about the golden tree.

—COMUS.

THE Northwind fall'n, in the newstarrèd night  
Zidonian Hanno, voyaging beyond  
The hoary promontory of Soloë  
Past Thymiaterion, in calmèd bays,  
Between the Southern and the Western Horn,  
Heard neither warbling of the nightingale,  
Nor melody o' the Lybian lotusflute  
Blown seaward from the shore; but from a  
slope  
That ran bloombright into the Atlantic blue,  
Beneath a highland leaning down a weight  
Of cliffs, and zoned below with cedarshade,  
Came voices, like the voices in a dream,  
Continuous, till he reached the other sea.

### Song

I

THE golden apple, the golden apple, the  
hallowed fruit,  
Guard it well, guard it warily,  
Singing airily,  
Standing about the charmèd root.  
Round about all is mute,  
As the snowfield on the mountain-peaks,  
As the sandfield at the mountain-foot.

Crocodiles in briny creeks  
Sleep and stir not : all is mute.  
If ye sing not, if ye make false measure,  
We shall lose eternal pleasure,  
Worth eternal want of rest.  
Laugh not loudly : watch the treasure  
Of the wisdom of the West.  
In a corner wisdom whispers. Five and three  
(Let it not be preached abroad) make an awful  
mystery.  
For the blossom unto three-fold music bloweth;  
Evermore it is born anew ;  
And the sap to three-fold music floweth,  
From the root  
Drawn in the dark,  
Up to the fruit,  
Creeping under the fragrant bark,  
Liquid gold, honeysweet thro' and thro'.  
Keen-eyed Sisters, singing airily,  
Looking warily  
Every way,  
Guard the apple night and day,  
Lest one from the East come and take it away.

II

Father Hesper, Father Hesper, watch, watch,  
ever and aye,  
Looking under silver hair with a silver eye.  
Father, twinkle not thy stedfast sight ;  
Kingdoms lapse, and climates change, and  
races die ;  
Honour comes with mystery ;  
Hoarded wisdom brings delight.

Number, tell them over and number  
 How many the mystic fruit-tree holds,  
 Lest the redcombed dragon slumber  
 Rolled together in purple folds.  
 Look to him, father, lest he wink, and the  
     golden apple be stol'n away,  
 For his ancient heart is drunk with over-  
     watchings night and day,  
 Round about the hallowed fruit tree curled—  
 Sing away, sing aloud evermore in the wind,  
     without stop,  
 Lest his scalèd eyelid drop,  
 For he is older than the world.  
 If he waken, we waken,  
 Rapidly levelling eager eyes.  
 If he sleep, we sleep,  
 Dropping the eyelid over the eyes.  
 If the golden apple be taken  
 The world will be overwise.  
 Five links, a golden chain, are we,  
 Hesper, the dragon, and sisters three,  
 Bound about the golden tree.

III

Father Hesper, Father Hesper, watch, watch,  
     night and day,  
 Lest the old wound of the world be healèd,  
 The glory unsealèd,  
 The golden apple stol'n away,  
 And the ancient secret revealèd.  
 Look from west to east along :  
 Father, old Himala weakens, Caucasus is  
     bold and strong.

Wandering waters unto wandering waters call;  
 Let them clash together, foam and fall.  
 Out of watchings, out of wiles,  
 Comes the bliss of secret smiles.  
 All things are not told to all,  
 Half-round the mantling night is drawn,  
 Purplefringed with even and dawn.  
 Hesper hateth Phosphor, evening hateth morn.

IV

Every flower and every fruit the redolent  
 breath  
 Of this warm seawind ripeneth,  
 Arching the billow in his sleep;  
 But the landwind wandereth,  
 Broken by the highland-steep,  
 Two streams upon the violet deep:  
 For the western sun and the western star,  
 And the low west wind, breathing afar,  
 The end of day and beginning of night  
 Make the apple holy and bright,  
 Holy and bright, round and full, bright and  
 blest,  
 Mellowed in a land of rest;  
 Watch it warily day and night;  
 All good things are in the west,  
 Till midnight the cool east light  
 Is shut out by the round of the tall hillbrow;  
 But when the fullfaced sunset yellowly  
 Stays on the flowering arch of the bough,  
 The luscious fruitage clustereth mellowly,  
 Goldenkernelled, goldencored,

Sunset ripened, above on the tree,  
The world is wasted with fire and sword,  
But the apple of gold hangs over the sea,  
Five links, a golden chain, are we,  
Hesper, the dragon, and sisters three,  
    Daughters three,  
    Bound about  
    All round about  
The gnarlèd bole of the charmèd tree,  
The golden apple, the golden apple, the  
    hallowed fruit,  
Guard it well, guard it warily,  
    Watch it warily,  
    Singing airily,  
Standing about the charmèd root.

XXXIII

Rosalind

[When the poem "Rosalind" was reprinted in the 1884 edition of the *Poems*, the following lines were suppressed.]

My Rosalind, my Rosalind,  
Bold, subtle, careless Rosalind,  
Is one of those who know no strife  
Of inward woe or outward fear ;  
To whom the slope and stream of life,  
The life before, the life behind,  
In the ear, from far and near,  
Chimeth musically clear.  
My falconhearted Rosalind  
Fullsailed before a vigorous wind,  
Is one of those who cannot weep  
For others' woes, but overleap  
All the petty shocks and fears  
That trouble life in early years,  
With a flash of frolic scorn  
And keen delight, that never falls  
Away from freshness, self-upborne  
With such gladness, as, whenever  
The freshflushing springtime calls  
To the flooding waters cool,  
Young fishes, on an April morn,

Up and down a rapid river,  
Leap the little waterfalls  
That sing into the pebbled pool.  
My happy falcon, Rosalind,  
Hath daring fancies of her own,  
Fresh as the dawn before the day,  
Fresh as the early seasmell blown  
Through vineyards from an inland bay.  
My Rosalind, my Rosalind,  
Because no shadow on you falls,  
Think you hearts are tennis balls  
To play with, wanton Rosalind?



XXXIV

Song

Who can say  
Why To-day  
To-morrow will be yesterday?  
Who can tell  
Why to smell  
The violet, recalls the dewy prime  
Of youth and buried time?  
The cause is nowhere found in rhyme.

XXXV

Sonnet

*Written on hearing of the outbreak of the Polish  
Insurrection.*

BLOW ye the trumpet, gather from afar  
The hosts to battle : be not bought and  
sold.  
Arise, brave Poles, the boldest of the  
bold ;  
Break through your iron shackles—fling  
them far.  
O for those days of Piast, ere the Czar  
Grew to this strength among his deserts  
cold ;  
When even to Moscow's cupolas were  
rolled  
The growing murmurs of the Polish war !  
Now must your noble anger blaze out more  
Than when from Sobieski, clan by clan,  
The Moslem myriads fell, and fled before—  
Than when Zamoisky smote the Tartar  
Khan,  
Than earlier, when on the Baltic shore  
Boleslas drove the Pomeranian.



XXXVI

O Darling Room \*

I

O DARLING room, my heart's delight,  
Dear room, the apple of my sight,  
With thy two couches soft and white,  
There is no room so exquisite,  
No little room so warm and bright  
Wherein to read, wherein to write.

II

For I the Nonnenwerth have seen,  
And Oberwinter's vineyards green,  
Musical Lurlei ; and between  
The hills to Bingen have I been,  
Bingen in Darmstadt, where the Rhene  
Curves towards Mentz, a woody scene.

III

Yet never did there meet my sight,  
In any town, to left or right,  
A little room so exquisite,  
With two such couches soft and white ;  
Not any room so warm and bright,  
Wherein to read, wherein to write.

\* "As soon as this poem was published, I altered the second line to 'All books and pictures ranged aright'; yet 'Dear room, the apple of my sight' (which was much abused) is not as bad as 'Do go, dear rain, do go away'" [Note initialed "A. T." in *Life*, vol. I, p. 89]. The worthlessness of most of the criticism lavished on Tennyson by his coterie of adulating friends may be judged from the fact that Arthur Hallam wrote to Tennyson that this poem was "mighty pleasant"!

XXXVII

To Christopher North

You did late review my lays,  
    Crusty Christopher ;  
You did mingle blame and praise,  
    Rusty Christopher.  
When I learnt from whom it came,  
I forgave you all the blame,  
    Musty Christopher ;  
I could *not* forgive the praise,  
    Fusty Christopher.

[This epigram was Tennyson's reply to an article by Professor Wilson—"Christopher North"—in *Blackwood's Magazine* for May 1832, dealing in sensible fashion with Tennyson's 1830 volume, and ridiculing the fulsome praise lavished on him by his inconsiderate friends—especially referring to Arthur Hallam's article in the *Englishman's Magazine* for August, 1831.]

XXXVIII

The Lotos-Eaters

[These forty lines formed the conclusion to the original (1833) version of the poem. When the poem was reprinted in the 1842 volumes these lines were suppressed.]

WE have had enough of motion,  
Weariness and wild alarm,  
Tossing on the tossing ocean,  
Where the tuskèd seahorse walloweth  
In a stripe of grassgreen calm,  
At noon-tide beneath the lee ;  
And the monstrous narwhale swalloweth  
His foamfountains in the sea.  
Long enough the winedark wave our weary  
bark did carry.  
This is lovelier and sweeter,  
Men of Ithaca, this is meeter,  
In the hollow rosy vale to tarry,  
Like a dreamy Lotos-eater, a delirious Lotos-  
eater !  
We will eat the Lotos, sweet  
As the yellow honeycomb,  
In the valley some, and some  
On the ancient heights divine ;  
And no more roam,  
On the loud hoar foam,  
To the melancholy home

At the limit of the brine,  
The little isle of Ithaca, beneath the day's  
decline.

We'll lift no more the shattered oar,  
No more unfurl the straining sail ;  
With the blissful Lotos-eaters pale  
We will abide in the golden vale  
Of the Lotos-land, till the Lotos fail ;  
We will not wander more.

Hark ! how sweet the horned ewes bleat  
On the solitary steeps,  
And the merry lizard leaps,  
And the foam-white waters pour ;  
And the dark pine weeps,  
And the lithe vine creeps,  
And the heavy melon sleeps  
On the level of the shore :

Oh ! islanders of Ithaca, we will not wander  
more,

Surely, surely, slumber is more sweet than  
toil, the shore

Than labour in the ocean, and rowing with the  
oar,

Oh ! islanders of Ithaca, we will return no  
more.

XXXIX

## A Dream of Fair Women

[In the 1833 volume the poem opened with the following four verses, suppressed after 1842. These FitzGerald considered made "a perfect poem by themselves." These stanzas are printed in *Life*, Vol. I, p. 121].

As when a man, that sails in a balloon,  
Downlooking sees the solid shining ground  
Stream from beneath him in the broad blue  
noon,  
Tilth, hamlet, mead and mound :

And takes his flags and waves them to the  
mob  
That shout below, all faces turned to  
where  
Glow rubylike the far-up crimson globe,  
Filled with a finer air :

So, lifted high, the poet at his will  
Lets the great world flit from him, seeing  
all,  
Higher thro' secret splendours mounting  
still,  
Self-poised, nor fears to fall.

Hearing apart the echoes of his fame.

While I spoke thus, the seedsman, Me-  
mory,  
Sowed my deep-furrowed thought with many  
a name  
Whose glory will not die.



XL

[ON the fly-leaf of a book illustrated by Bewick, in the library of the late Lord Ravensworth, the following lines in Tennyson's autograph were recently discovered.]

A gate and a field half ploughed,  
A solitary cow,  
A child with a broken slate,  
And a titmarsh in the bough.  
But where, alack, is Bewick  
To tell the meaning now ?

XLI

Cambridge

[This poem is written in pencil in the fly leaf of a copy of *Poems* 1833 in the Dyce collection in South Kensington Museum. Reprinted with many alterations in *Life*, vol. I, p. 67.]

THEREFORE your halls, your ancient colleges,  
Your portals statued with old kings and  
queens,  
Your bridges and your busted libraries,  
Wax-lighted chapels and rich carved  
screens,  
Your doctors and your proctors and your  
deans  
Shall not avail you when the day-beam  
sports  
New-risen o'er awakened Albion—No,  
Nor yet your solemn organ-pipes that  
blow  
Melodious thunders through your vacant  
courts  
At morn and even ; for your manner sorts  
Not with this age, nor with the thoughts  
that roll,  
Because the words of little children preach  
Against you,—ye that did profess to teach  
And have taught nothing, feeding on the  
soul.

## XLII

## The Germ of "Maud"

[There was published in 1837 in the *The Tribute*, (a collection of unpublished poems by various authors, edited by Lord Northampton), a contribution by Tennyson entitled "Stanzas," consisting of xvi stanzas of varying lengths (110 lines in all). In 1855 the first xii stanzas were published as the fourth section of the second part of "Maud." Some verbal changes and transpositions of lines were made; a new stanza (the present sixth) and several new lines were introduced, and the xth stanza of 1837 became the xiiiith of 1855. But stanzas xiii-xvi of 1837 have never been reprinted in any edition of Tennyson's works, though quoted in whole or part in various critical studies of the poet. Swinburne refers to this poem as "the poem of deepest charm and fullest delight of pathos and melody ever written, even by Mr Tennyson." This poem in *The Tribute* gained Tennyson his first notice in the *Edinburgh Review*, which had till then ignored him.]

## XIII

BUT she tarries in her place  
 And I paint the beauteous face  
     Of the maiden, that I lost,  
         In my inner eyes again,  
 Lest my heart be overborne  
 By the thing I hold in scorn,  
     By a dull mechanic ghost  
         And a juggle of the brain.



CONTRIBUTIONS TO PERIODICALS

XIV

I can shadow forth my bride  
As I knew her fair and kind  
As I woo'd her for my wife ;  
She is lovely by my side  
In the silence of my life—  
'Tis a phantom of the mind.

XV

'Tis a phantom fair and good  
I can call it to my side,  
So to guard my life from ill,  
Tho' its ghastly sister glide  
And be moved around me still  
With the moving of the blood  
That is moved not of the will.

XVI

Let it pass, the dreary brow,  
Let the dismal face go by,  
Will it lead me to the grave?  
Then I lose it : it will fly :  
Can it overlast the nerves?  
Can it overlive the eye?  
But the other, like a star,  
Thro' the channel windeth far  
Till it fade and fail and die,  
To its Archetype that waits  
Clad in light by golden gates,  
Clad in light the Spirit waits  
To embrace me in the sky.

XLIII

## The Skipping-Rope

[This poem, published in the second volume of *Poems by Alfred Tennyson* (in two volumes, London, Edward Moxon, MDCCCXLII), was reprinted in every edition until 1851, when it was suppressed.]

Sure never yet was Antelope  
    Could skip so lightly by.  
Stand off, or else my skipping-rope  
    Will hit you in the eye.  
How lightly whirls the skipping-rope !  
    How fairy-like you fly !  
Go, get you gone, you muse and mope—  
    I hate that silly sigh.  
Nay, dearest, teach me how to hope,  
    Or tell me how to die.  
There, take it, take my skipping-rope  
    And hang yourself thereby.

XLIV

The New Timon and the  
Poets

[From *Punch*, February 28, 1846. Bulwer Lytton published in 1845 his satirical poem "New Timon: a Romance of London," in which he bitterly attacked Tennyson for the civil list pension granted the previous year, particularly referring to the poem "O Darling Room" in the 1833 volume. Tennyson replied in the following vigorous verses, which made the literary sensation of the year. Tennyson afterwards declared: "I never sent my lines to *Punch*. John Forster did. They were too bitter. I do not think that I should ever have published them."—*Life*, vol. I, p. 245.]

WE know him, out of Shakespeare's art,  
And those fine curses which he spoke;  
The old Timon, with his noble heart,  
That, strongly loathing, greatly broke.

So died the Old: here comes the New:  
Regard him: a familiar face:  
I *thought* we knew him: What, it's you  
The padded man—that wears the stays—

Who killed the girls and thrill'd the boys  
With dandy pathos when you wrote,  
A Lion, you, that made a noise,  
And shook a mane en papillotes.

CONTRIBUTIONS TO PERIODICALS

And once you tried the Muses too :  
You fail'd, Sir : therefore now you turn,  
You fall on those who are to you  
As captain is to subaltern.

But men of long enduring hopes,  
And careless what this hour may bring,  
Can pardon little would-be Popes  
And Brummels, when they try to sting.

An artist, Sir, should rest in art,  
And waive a little of his claim ;  
To have the deep poetic heart  
Is more than all poetic fame.

But you, Sir, you are hard to please ;  
You never look but half content :  
Nor like a gentleman at ease  
With moral breadth of temperament.

And what with spites and what with fears,  
You cannot let a body be :  
It's always ringing in your ears,  
" They call this man as good as *me*."

What profits now to understand  
The merits of a spotless shirt—  
A dapper boot—a little hand—  
If half the little soul is dirt ?

*You* talk of tinsel ! why we see  
The old mark of rouge upon your cheeks.  
*You* prate of nature ! you are he  
That spilt his life about the cliques.

A Timon you ! Nay, nay, for shame :  
It looks too arrogant a jest—  
The fierce old man—to take *his* name  
You bandbox. Off, and let him rest.



XLV

Mablethorpe

[Published in *Manchester Athenæum Album*, 1850.  
Reprinted in *Cope's Tobacco Plant*, 1875.  
Written, 1837. Republished, altered, in *Life*  
vol. I, p. 161.]

How often, when a child I lay reclined,  
I took delight in this locality !  
Here stood the infant Ilion of the mind,  
And here the Grecian ships did seem to be.

And here again I come and only find  
The drain-cut levels of the marshy lea,—  
Gray sand banks and pale sunsets—dreary  
wind,  
Dim shores, dense rains, and heavy  
clouded sea.

XLVI

[Published in *The Keepsake for 1851 : an illustrated annual*, edited by Miss Power. London: David Bogue. To this issue of the *Keepsake* Tennyson also contributed "Come not when I am dead" now included in the collected Works.]

WHAT time I wasted youthful hours  
One of the shining wingèd powers,  
Show'd me vast cliffs with crown of towers,

As towards the gracious light I bow'd,  
They seem'd high palaces and proud,  
Hid now and then with sliding cloud.

He said, "The labour is not small;  
Yet winds the pathway free to all:—  
Take care thou dost not fear to fall!"

XLVII

Britons, Guard your Own

[Published in *The Examiner*, January 31, 1852.  
Verses 1 (considerably altered), 7, 8 and 10,  
are reprinted in *Life*, Vol I, p. 344.]

RISE, Britons, rise, if manhood be not dead ;  
The world's last tempest darkens overhead ;  
    The Pope has bless'd him ;  
    The Church caress'd him ;  
He triumphs ; maybe, we shall stand alone :  
    Britons, guard your own.

His ruthless host is bought with plunder'd gold,  
By lying priest's the peasant's votes controlled.  
    All freedom vanish'd,  
    The true men banish'd,  
He triumphs ; maybe, we shall stand alone.  
    Britons, guard your own.

Peace-lovers we—sweet Peace we all desire—  
Peace-lovers we—but who can trust a liar?—  
    Peace-lovers, haters  
    Of shameless traitors,  
We hate not France, but this man's heart of  
stone.  
    Britons, guard your own.

CONTRIBUTIONS TO PERIODICALS

We hate not France, but France has lost her  
voice

This man is France, the man they call her  
choice.

By tricks and spying,

By craft and lying,

And murder was her freedom overthrown.

Britons, guard your own.

“Vive l’Empereur” may follow by and bye ;

“God save the Queen” is here a truer cry.

God save the Nation,

The toleration,

And the free speech that makes a Briton  
known.

Britons, guard your own.

Rome’s dearest daughter now is captive France,  
The Jesuit laughs, and reckoning on his  
chance,

Would, unrelenting,

Kill all dissenting,

Till we were left to fight for truth alone.

Britons, guard your own.

Call home your ships across Biscayan tides,  
To blow the battle from their oaken sides.

Why waste they yonder

Their idle thunder ?

Why stay they there to guard a foreign throne ?

Seamen, guard your own.



*CONTRIBUTIONS TO PERIODICALS*

We were the best of marksmen long ago,  
We won old battles with our strength, the bow.

Now practise, yeomen,  
Like those bowmen,

Till your balls fly as their true shafts have  
flown.

Yeomen, guard your own.

His soldier-ridden Highness might incline  
To take Sardinia, Belgium, or the Rhine :

Shall we stand idle,  
Nor seek to bridle

His vile aggressions, till we stand alone ?

Make their cause your own.

Should he land here, and for one hour prevail,  
There must no man go back to bear the tale :

No man to bear it—  
Swear it ! We swear it !

Although we fought the banded world alone,  
We swear to guard our own.

XLVIII

## Hands all Round

[Published in *The Examiner*, February 9, 1852.  
Reprinted, slightly altered, in *Life*, Vol. I,  
p. 345. Included, almost entirely re-written,  
in collected Works.]

FIRST drink a health, this solemn night,  
A health to England, every guest ;  
That man's the best cosmopolite  
Who loves his native country best.  
May Freedom's oak for ever live  
With stronger life from day to day ;  
That man's the best Conservative  
Who lops the mouldered branch away.  
Hands all round !  
God the tyrant's hope confound !  
To this great cause of Freedom drink, my  
friends,  
And the great name of England round  
and round.

A health to Europe's honest men !  
Heaven guard them from her tyrants' jails !  
From wronged Poerio's noisome den,  
From iron limbs and tortured nails !  
We curse the crimes of Southern kings,  
The Russian whips and Austrian rods—  
We likewise have our evil things ;  
Too much we make our Ledgers, Gods.  
Yet hands all round !

*CONTRIBUTIONS TO PERIODICALS*

God the tyrant's cause confound !  
To Europe's better health we drink, my  
    friends,  
And the great name of England round  
    and round.

What health to France, if France be she  
    Whom martial progress only charms ?  
Yet tell her—better to be free  
    Than vanquish all the world in arms.  
Her frantic city's flashing heats  
    But fire, to blast the hopes of men.  
Why change the titles of your streets ?  
    You fools, you'll want them all again.  
        Hands all round !

God the tyrant's cause confound !  
To France, the wiser France, we drink, my  
    friends,  
And the great name of England round  
    and round.

Gigantic daughter of the West,  
    We drink to thee across the flood,  
We know thee most, we love thee best,  
    For art thou not of British blood ?  
Should war's mad blast again be blown,  
    Permit not thou the tyrant powers  
To fight thy mother here alone,  
    But let thy broadsides roar with ours.  
        Hands all round !

God the tyrant's cause confound !  
To our great kinsmen of the West, my  
    friends,  
    And the great name of England round  
    and round.

O rise, our strong Atlantic sons,  
    When war against our freedom springs !  
O speak to Europe through your guns !  
    They *can* be understood by kings.  
You must not mix our Queen with those  
    That wish to keep their people fools ;  
Our freedom's foemen are her foes,  
    She comprehends the race she rules.  
    Hands all round !

God the tyrant's cause confound !  
To our dear kinsmen of the West, my  
    friends,  
    And the great name of England round  
    and round.

XLIX

Suggested by Reading an  
Article in a Newspaper

[Published in *The Examiner*, February 14, 1852.

This poem has never been acknowledged, nor has it hitherto been identified as by Tennyson. In *Life*, Vol. I, p. 346, following the reprint of "Britons, Guard your Own" and "Hands all Round" (contributed by Tennyson above the signature of Merlin), we are told that: "Other contributions appeared in *The Examiner*, but my father did not think them good enough to be reprinted." With this plain hint, the following poem may be definitely accepted as from Tennyson's pen].

To the Editor of *The Examiner*.

SIR,—I have read with much interest the poems of Merlin. The enclosed is longer than either of those, and certainly not so good: yet as I flatter myself that it has a smack of Merlin's style in it, and as I feel that it expresses forcibly enough some of the feelings of our time, perhaps you may be induced to admit it.

TALIESSEN.

How much I love this writer's manly style!

By such men led, our press had ever been  
The public conscience of our noble isle,

Severe and quick to feel a civic sin,  
To raise the people and chastise the times  
With such a heat as lives in great creative  
rhymes.

*CONTRIBUTIONS TO PERIODICALS*

O you, the Press ! what good from you might  
spring !

What power is yours to blast a cause or  
bless !

I fear for you, as for some youthful king,

Lest you go wrong from power in excess.

Take heed of your wide privileges ! we,  
The thinking men of England, loathe a  
tyranny.

A freeman is, I doubt not, freest here ;

The single voice may speak his mind  
aloud ;

An honest isolation need not fear

The Court, the Church, the Parliament,  
the crowd.

No, nor the Press ! and look you well to  
that—

We must not dread in you the nameless  
autocrat.

And you, dark Senate of the public pen,

You may not, like yon tyrant, deal in  
spies.

Yours are the public acts of public men,

But yours are not their household pri-  
vacies.

I grant you one of the great Powers on  
earth,

But be not you the blatant traitors of the  
hearth.

*CONTRIBUTIONS TO PERIODICALS*

You hide the hand that writes : it must  
be so,

For better so you fight for public ends ;  
But some you strike can scarce return the  
blow ;

You should be all the nobler, O my  
friends.

Be noble, you ! nor work with faction's tools  
To charm a lower sphere of fulminating  
fools.

But knowing all your power to heat or cool,  
To soothe a civic wound or keep it raw,  
Be loyal, if you wish for wholesome rule :

Our ancient boast is this—we reverence  
law.

We still were loyal in our wildest fights,  
Or loyally disloyal battled for our rights.

O Grief and Shame if while I preach of  
laws

Whereby to guard our Freedom from  
offence—

And trust an ancient manhood and the  
cause

Of England and her health of common-  
sense—

There hang within the heavens a dark dis-  
grace,

Some vast Assyrian doom to burst upon our  
race.

CONTRIBUTIONS TO PERIODICALS

I feel the thousand cankers of our State,  
I fain would shake their triple-folded ease,  
The hogs who can believe in nothing great,  
Sneering bedridden in the down of Peace  
Over their scrips and shares, their meats and  
wine, [divine !  
With stony smirks at all things human and

I honour much, I say, this man's appeal.  
We drag so deep in our commercial mire,  
We move so far from greatness, that I feel  
Exception to be character'd in fire.  
Who looks for Godlike greatness here shall  
see  
The British Goddess, sleek Respectability.

Alas for her and all her small delights !  
She feels not how the social frame is  
rack'd.  
She loves a little scandal which excites ;  
A little feeling is a want of tact.  
For her there lie in wait millions of foes,  
And yet the " not too much " is all the rule  
she knows.

Poor soul ! behold her : what decorous calm !  
She, with her week-day worldliness sufficed,  
Stands in her pew and hums her decent psalm  
With decent dippings at the name of Christ !  
And she has mov'd in that smooth way so  
long,  
She hardly can believe that she shall suffer  
wrong.



CONTRIBUTIONS TO PERIODICALS

Alas, our Church ! alas, her growing ills,  
And those who tolerate not her tolerance,  
But needs must sell the burthen of their wills  
To that half-pagan harlot kept by France !  
Free subjects of the kindest of all thrones,  
Headlong they plunge their doubts among  
old rags and bones.

Alas, Church writers, altercating tribes—  
The vessel and your Church may sink in  
storms.

Christ cried : Woe, woe, to Pharisees and  
Scribes ! [forms.

Like them, you bicker less for truth than  
I sorrow when I read the things you write,  
What unheroic pertness ! what un-Christian  
spite !

Alas, our youth, so clever yet so small,  
Thin dilletanti deep in nature's plan,  
Who make the emphatic One, by whom is all,  
An essence less centred than a man !  
Better wild Mahmoud's war-cry once again !  
O fools, we want a manlike God and Godlike  
men !

Go, frightful omens. Yet once more I turn  
To you that mould men's thoughts ; I call  
on you

To make opinion warlike, lest we learn  
A sharper lesson than we ever knew.  
I hear a thunder though the skies are fair,  
But shrill you, loud and long, the warning-  
note : Prepare !

## The Lover's Tale

A FRAGMENT

[It was originally intended by Tennyson that this poem should form part of his 1833 volume. It was put in type and, according to custom, copies were distributed among his friends, when, on the eve of publication, he decided to omit it. Again, in 1869, it was sent to press with a new third part added, and was again withdrawn, the third part only—"The Golden Supper," founded on a story in Boccaccio's *Decameron*—being published in the volume, "The Holy Grail." In 1866, 1870 and 1875 attempts had been made by the late Mr Herne Shepherd to publish editions of "The Lover's Tale," reprinted from the stray copies in existence of the 1833 printing. Each of these attempts was repressed by Tennyson, and at last in 1879 the complete poem, as now included in the collected Works, was issued, with an apologetic reference to the necessity of reprinting the poem to prevent its circulation in an unauthorised form. But the 1879 issue is considerably altered from the original issue of 1833, as written by Tennyson in his nineteenth year. Since only as a product of Tennyson's youth does the poem merit attention, it has seemed good to reprint it here as originally written. For a boy of nineteen it is wonderful: for a man of seventy, as Tennyson was in 1879, it is little more than twaddle. Better for his reputation had he left it as written in 1828.]

## THE LOVER'S TALE

The Poem of the Lover's Tale (the lover is supposed to be himself a poet) was written in my nineteenth year and consequently contains nearly as many faults as words. That I deemed it not wholly unoriginal is my only apology for its publication—an apology lame and poor, and somewhat impertinent to boot : so that if its infirmities meet with more laughter than charity in the world, I shall not raise my voice in its defence. I am aware how deficient the Poem is in point of art, and it is not without considerable misgivings that I have ventured to publish even this fragment of it. "Enough," says the old proverb, "is as good as a feast."—[Tennyson's original introductory note.]

Here far away, seen from the topmost cliff,  
Filling with purple gloom the vacancies  
Between the tufted hills, the sloping seas  
Hung in mid-heaven, and half-way down rare  
    sails,  
White as white clouds, floated from sky to sky.  
Oh! pleasant breast of waters, quiet bay,  
Like to a quiet mind in the loud world,  
Where the chafed breakers of the outer sea  
Sunk powerless, even as anger falls aside,  
And withers on the breast of peaceful love,  
Thou didst receive that belt of pines, that  
    fledged  
The hills that watch'd thee, as Love watcheth  
    Love,—  
In thine own essence, and delight thyself  
To make it wholly thine on sunny days.  
Keep thou thy name of "Lover's bay" : See,  
    Sirs,

*THE LOVER'S TALE*

Even now the Goddess of the Past, that takes  
The heart, and sometimes toucheth but one  
    string,  
That quivers, and is silent, and sometimes  
Sweeps suddenly all its half-moulder'd chords  
To an old melody, begins to play  
On those first-moved fibres of the brain.  
I come, Great mistress of the ear and eye :  
Oh ! lead me tenderly, for fear the mind  
Rain thro' my sight, and strangling sorrow  
    weigh  
Mine utterance with lameness. Tho' long  
    years  
Have hollowed out a valley and a gulf  
Betwixt the native land of Love and me,  
Breathe but a little on me, and the sail  
Will draw me to the rising of the sun,  
The lucid chambers of the morning star,  
And East of life.

    Permit me, friend, I prithee,  
To pass my hand across my brows, and muse  
On those dear hills, that nevermore will meet  
The sight that throbs and aches beneath my  
    touch,  
As tho' there beat a heart in either eye ;  
For when the outer lights are darken'd thus,  
The memory's vision hath a keener edge.  
It grows upon me now—the semicircle  
Of dark blue waters and the narrow fringe  
Of curving beach—its wreaths of dripping  
    green—  
Its pale pink shells—the summer-house aloft

THE LOVER'S TALE

That open'd on the pines with doors of glass,  
A mountain nest, the pleasure boat that rock'd  
Light-green with its own shadow, keel to  
keel,

Upon the crispings of the dappled wave,  
That blanched upon its side.

O Love, O Hope,

They come, they crowd upon me all at once,  
Moved from the cloud of unforgotten things,  
That sometimes on the horizon of the mind  
Lies folded—often sweeps athwart in storm—  
They flash across the darkness of my brain,  
The many pleasant days, the moonlit nights,  
The dewy dawns and the amber eyes,  
When thou and I, Camilla, thou and I  
Were borne about the bay, or safely moor'd  
Beneath some low brow'd cavern, where the  
wave

Plash'd sapping its worn ribs (the while without,  
And close above us, sang the wind-tost pine,  
And shook its earthly socket, for we heard,  
In rising and in falling with the tide,  
Close by our ears, the huge roots strain and  
creak),

Eye feeding upon eye with deep intent ;  
And mine, with love too high to be express'd  
Arrested in its sphere, and ceasing from  
All contemplation of all forms, did pause  
To worship mine own image, laved in light,  
The centre of the splendours, all unworthy  
Of such a shrine—mine image in her eyes,  
By diminution made most glorious,

THE LOVER'S TALE

Moved with their motions, as those eyes were  
moved

With motions of the soul, as my heart beat  
Twice to the melody of hers. Her face  
Was starry-fair, not pale, tenderly flush'd  
As 'twere with dawn. She was dark-hair'd,  
dark-eyed ;

Oh, such dark eyes ! A single glance of them  
Will govern a whole life from birth to death,  
Careless of all things else, led on with light  
In trances and in visions : look at them,  
You lose yourself in utter ignorance,  
You cannot find their depth ; for they go back,  
And farther back, and still withdraw themselves  
Quite into the deep soul, that evermore,  
Fresh springing from her fountains in the brain,  
Still pouring thro', floods with redundant light  
Her narrow portals.

Trust me, long ago  
I should have died, if it were possible  
To die in gazing on that perfectness  
Which I do bear within me ; I had died  
But from my farthest lapse, my latest ebb,  
Thine image, like a charm of light and strength  
Upon the waters, pushed me back again  
On these deserted sands of barren life.  
Tho' from the deep vault, where the heart of  
hope  
Fell into dust, and crumbled in the dark—  
Forgetting how to render beautiful  
Her countenance with quick and healthful  
blood—



THE LOVER'S TALE

Thou didst not sway me upward, could I  
perish

With such a costly casket in the grasp  
Of memory? He, that saith it, hath o'erstepp'd  
The slippery footing of his narrow wit,  
And fall'n away from judgment. Thou art  
light,

To which my spirit leaneth all her flowers,  
And length of days, and immortality  
Of thought, and freshness ever self-renew'd.  
For Time and Grief abode too long with Life,  
And like all other friends i' the world, at last  
They grew weary of her fellowship :  
So Time and Grief did beckon unto Death,  
And Death drew nigh and beat the doors of  
Life ;

But thou didst sit alone in the inner house,  
A wakeful port'ress and didst parle with Death,  
" This is a charmed dwelling which I hold " ;  
So Death gave back, and would no further  
come.

Yet is my life nor in the present time,  
Nor in the present place. To me alone,  
Push'd from his chair of regal heritage,  
The Present is the vassal of the Past :  
So that, in that I *have* lived, do I live,  
And cannot die, and am, in having been,  
A portion of the pleasant yesterday,  
Thrust forward on to-day and out of place ;  
A body journeying onward, sick with toil,  
The lithe limbs bow'd as with a heavy weight  
And all the senses weaken'd in all, save that

THE LOVER'S TALE

Which, long ago, they had glean'd and garner'd up  
Into the granaries of memory—  
The clear brow, bulwark of the precious brain,  
Now seam'd and chink'd with years—and all  
the while  
The light soul twines and mingles with the  
growths  
Of vigorous early days, attracted, won,  
Married, made one with, molten into all  
The beautiful in Past of act or place.  
Even as the all-enduring camel, driven  
Far from the diamond fountain by the palms,  
Toils onward thro' the middle moonlit nights,  
Shadow'd and crimson'd with the drifting dust,  
Or when the white heats of the blinding noons  
Beat from the concave sand; yet in him keeps  
A draught of that sweet fountain that he  
loves,  
To stay his feet from falling, and his spirit  
From bitterness of death.

Ye ask me, friends,  
When I began to love. How should I tell  
ye?  
Or from the after fulness of my heart,  
Flow back again unto my slender spring  
And first of love, tho' every turn and depth  
Between is clearer in my life than all  
Its present flow. Ye know not what ye ask.  
How should the broad and open flower tell  
What sort of bud it was, when press'd to-  
gether



THE LOVER'S TALE

In its green sheath, close lapt in silken  
folds?

It seemed to keep its sweetness to itself,  
Yet was not the less sweet for that it seem'd.  
For young Life knows not when young Life  
was born,

But takes it all for granted : neither Love,  
Warm in the heart, his cradle can remember  
Love in the womb, but resteth satisfied,  
Looking on her that brought him to the  
light :

Or as men know not when they fall asleep  
Into delicious dreams, our other life,  
So know I not when I began to love.  
This is my sum of knowledge—that my love  
Grew with myself—and say rather, was my  
growth,

My inward sap, the hold I have on earth,  
My outward circling air wherein I breathe,  
Which yet upholds my life, and evermore  
Was to me daily life and daily death :  
For how should I have lived and not have  
loved ?

Can ye take off the sweetness from the  
flower,

The colour and the sweetness from the rose,  
And place them by themselves ? or set apart  
Their motions and their brightness from the  
stars,

And then point out the flower or the star ?  
Or build a wall betwixt my life and love,  
And tell me where I am ? 'Tis even thus :

THE LOVER'S TALE

In that I live I love ; because I love  
I live : whate'er is fountain to the one  
Is fountain to the other ; and whene'er  
Our God unknits the riddle of the one,  
There is no shade or fold of mystery  
Swathing the other.

Many, many years,  
For they seem many and my most of life,  
And well I could have linger'd in that porch,  
So unproportioned to the dwelling place,  
In the maydews of childhood, opposite  
The flush and dawn of youth, we lived  
together,  
Apart, alone together on those hills.  
Before he saw my day my father died,  
And he was happy that he saw it not :  
But I and the first daisy on his grave  
From the same clay came into light at once.  
As Love and I do number equal years  
So she, my love, is of an age with me.  
How like each other was the birth of each !  
The sister of my mother—she that bore  
Camilla close beneath her beating heart,  
Which to the imprisoned spirit of the child,  
With its true touched pulses in the flow  
And hourly visitation of the blood,  
Sent notes of preparation manifold,  
And mellow'd echoes of the outer world—  
My mother's sister, mother of my love,  
Who had a twofold claim upon my heart,  
One twofold mightier than the other was,  
In giving so much beauty to the world,

*THE LOVER'S TALE*

And so much wealth as God had charged  
her with,

Loathing to put it from herself for ever,  
Crown'd with her highest act the placid face  
And breathless body of her good deeds past.  
So we were born, so orphan'd. She was  
motherless,

And I without a father. So from each  
Of those two pillars which from earth uphold  
Our childhood, one had fall'n away, and all  
The careful burthen of our tender years  
'Trembled upon the other. He that gave  
Her life, to me delightedly fulfill'd  
All loving-kindnesses, all offices  
Of watchful care and trembling tenderness.  
He worked for both : he pray'd for both : he  
slept

Dreaming of both : nor was his love the less  
Because it was divided, and shot forth  
Boughs on each side, laden with wholesome  
shade,

Wherein we rested sleeping or awake,  
And sang aloud the matin-song of life.

She was my foster-sister : on one arm  
The flaxen ringlets of our infancies  
Wander'd, the while we rested : one soft lap  
Pillow'd us both : one common light of eyes  
Was on us as we lay : our baby lips,  
Kissing one bosom, ever drew from thence  
The stream of life, one stream, one life, one  
blood,

*THE LOVER'S TALE*

One sustenance, which, still as thought grew  
large,  
Still larger moulding all the house of  
thought,  
Perchance assimilated all our tastes  
And future fancies. 'Tis a beautiful  
And pleasant meditation, what whate'er  
Our general mother meant for me alone,  
Our mutual mother dealt to both of us :  
So what was earliest mine in earliest life,  
I shared with her in whom myself remains.  
As was our childhood, so our infancy,  
They tell me, was a very miracle  
Of fellow-feeling and communion.  
They tell me that we would not be alone,—  
We cried when we were parted ; when I  
wept,  
Her smile lit up the rainbow on my tears,  
Stay'd on the clouds of sorrow ; that we loved  
The sound of one another's voices more  
Than the grey cuckoo loves his name, and  
learn'd  
To lisp in tune together ; that we slept  
In the same cradle always, face to face,  
Heart beating time to heart, lip pressing lip,  
Folding each other, breathing on each other,  
Dreaming together (dreaming of each other  
They should have added) till the morning  
light  
Sloped thro' the pines, upon the dewy pane  
Falling, unseal'd our eyelids, and we woke  
To gaze upon each other. If this be true,

*THE LOVER'S TALE*

At thought of which my whole soul languishes  
And faints, and hath no pulse, no breath, as tho'  
A man in some still garden should infuse  
Rich attar in the bosom of the rose,  
Till, drunk with its own wine, and overfull  
Of sweetness, and in smelling of itself,  
It fall on its own thorns—if this be true—  
And that way my wish leaneth evermore  
Still to believe it—'tis so sweet a thought,  
Why in the utter stillness of the soul  
Doth question'd memory answer not, nor tell,  
Of this our earliest, our closest drawn,  
Most loveliest, most delicious union?  
Oh, happy, happy outset of my days!  
Green springtide, April promise, glad new  
year  
Of Being, which with earliest violets,  
And lavish carol of clear-throated larks,  
Fill'd all the march of life.—I will not speak  
of thee:  
These have not seen thee, these can never  
know thee,  
They cannot understand me. Pass on then  
A term of eighteen years. Ye would but  
laugh  
If I should tell ye how I heard in thought  
Those rhymes, "The Lion and the Unicorn"  
"The Four-and-twenty Blackbirds" "Ban-  
bury Cross,"  
"The Gander" and "The man of Mitylene,"

THE LOVER'S TALE

And all the quaint old scraps of ancient  
    crones,  
Which are as gems set in my memory,  
Because she learn'd them with me. Or what  
    profits it  
To tell ye that her father died, just ere  
The daffodil was blown; or how we found  
The drowned seaman on the shore? These  
    things  
Unto the quiet daylight of your minds  
Are cloud and smoke, but in the dark of  
    mine  
Show traced with flame. Move with me to  
    that hour,  
Which was the hinge on which the door of  
    Hope,  
Once turning, open'd far into the outward,  
And never closed again.

    I well remember,  
It was a glorious morning, such a one  
As dawns but once a season. Mercury  
On such a morning would have flung himself  
From cloud to cloud, and swum with bal-  
    anced wings  
To some tall mountain. On that day the  
    year  
First felt his youth and strength, and from  
    his spring  
Moved smiling toward his summer. On  
    that day,  
Love working shook his wings (that charged  
    the winds

*THE LOVER'S TALE*

With spiced May-sweets from bound to  
bound) and blew  
Fresh fire into the sun, and from within  
Burst thro' the heated buds, and sent his  
soul  
Into the songs of birds, and touch'd far-off  
His mountain-altars, his high hills, with  
flame  
Milder and purer. Up the rocks we wound ;  
The great pine shook with lovely sounds of  
joy,  
That came on the sea-wind. As mountain  
brooks  
Our blood ran free : the sunshine seem'd to  
brood  
More warmly on the heart than on the  
brow.  
We often paused, and looking back, we saw  
The clefts and openings in the hills all  
fill'd  
With the blue valley and the glistening  
brooks,  
And with the low dark groves—a land of  
Love ;  
Where Love was worshipp'd upon every  
height,  
Where Love was worshipp'd under every  
tree—  
A land of promise, flowing with the milk  
And honey of delicious memories  
Down to the sea, as far as eye could ken,  
From verge to verge it was a holy land,



THE LOVER'S TALE

Still growing holier as you near'd the bay,  
For where the temple stood. When we had  
reach'd

The grassy platform on some hill, I stoop'd,  
I gather'd the wild herbs, and for her brows  
And mine wove chaplets of the self-same  
flower,

Which she took smiling, and with my work  
there

Crown'd her clear forehead. Once or twice  
she told me

(For I remember all things), to let grow  
The flowers that run poison in their veins.

She said, "The evil flourish in the world";

Then playfully she gave herself the lie :

"Nothing in nature is unbeautiful,

So, brother, pluck and spare not." So I  
wove

Even the dull-blooded poppy, "whose red  
flower

Hued with the scarlet of a fierce sunrise,

Like to the wild youth of an evil king,

Is without sweetness, but who crowns him-  
self

Above the secret poisons of his heart

In his old age"—a graceful thought of hers

Graven on my fancy! As I said, with these

She crown'd her forehead. O how like a  
nymph,

A stately mountain-nymph, she look'd! how  
native

Unto the hills she trod on! What an  
[angel!



THE LOVER'S TALE

How clothed with beams ! My eyes, fix'd  
upon hers,  
Almost forgot even to move again.  
My spirit leap'd as with those thrills of bliss  
That shoot across the soul in prayer, and  
show us  
That we are surely heard. Methought a  
light [stood  
Burst from the garland I had woven, and  
A solid glory on her bright black hair :  
A light, methought, broke from her dark,  
dark eyes,  
And shot itself into the singing winds ;  
A light, methought, flash'd even from her  
white robe,  
As from a glass in the sun, and fell about  
My footsteps on the mountains.

About sunset

We came unto the hill of woe, so call'd  
Because the legend ran that, long time since,  
One rainy night, when every wind blew loud,  
A woful man had thrust his wife and child  
With shouts from off the bridge, and following,  
plunged  
Into the dizzy chasm below. Below,  
Sheer thro' the black-wall'd cliff the rapid  
brook  
Shot down his inner thunders, built above  
With matted bramble and the shining gloss  
Of ivy-leaves, whose low-hung tresses, dipp'd  
In the fierce stream, bore downward with  
the wave.

THE LOVER'S TALE

The path was steep and loosely strewn with  
craggs.

We mounted slowly : yet to both of us  
It was delight, not hindrance : unto both  
Delight from hardship to be overcome,  
And scorn of perilous seeming : unto me  
Intense delight and rapture that I breathed,  
As with a sense of nigher Deity,  
With her to whom all outward fairest things  
Were by the busy mind referr'd, compared,  
As bearing no essential fruits of excellence.  
Save as they were the types and shadowings  
Of hers—and then that I became to her  
A tutelary angel as she rose,  
And with a fearful self-impelling joy  
Saw round her feet the country far away,  
Beyond the nearest mountain's bosky brows,  
Burst into open prospect—heath and hill,  
And hollow lined and wooded to the lips—  
And steep-down walls of battlemented rock  
Girded with broom or shiver'd into peaks—  
And glory of broad waters interfused,  
Whence rose as it were breath and steam of  
gold ;  
And over all the great wood rioting  
And climbing, starr'd at slender intervals  
With blossom tufts of purest white ; and  
last,  
Framing the mighty landskip to the West,  
A purple range of purple cones, between  
Whose interspaces gush'd, in blinding bursts,  
The incorporate light of sun and sea.

*THE LOVER'S TALE*

At length,  
Upon the tremulous bridge, that from be-  
neath  
Seemed with a cobweb firmament to link  
The earthquake-shattered chasm, hung with  
shrubs,  
We passed with tears of rapture. All the  
West,  
And even unto the middle South, was ribb'd  
And barr'd with bloom on bloom. The sun  
beneath,  
Held for a space 'twixt cloud and wave,  
shower'd down  
Rays of a mighty circle, weaving over  
That varied wilderness a tissue of light  
Unparallel'd. On the other side the moon,  
Half-melted into thin blue air, stood still  
And pale and fibrous as a wither'd leaf,  
Nor yet endured in presence of his eyes  
To imbue his lustre ; most unloverlike ;  
Since in his absence full of light and joy  
And giving light to others. But this chiefest,  
Next to her presence whom I loved so well,  
Spoke loudly, even into my inmost heart,  
As to my outward hearing : the loud stream,  
Forth issuing from his portals in the crag  
(A visible link unto the home of my heart),  
Ran amber toward the West, and nigh the  
sea,  
Parting my own loved mountains, was re-  
ceived,  
Shorn of its strength, into the sympathy

THE LOVER'S TALE

Of that small bay, which into open main  
Glow'd intermingling close beneath the sun  
Spirit of Love! That little hour was bound,  
Shut in from Time, and dedicate to thee;  
Thy fires from heaven had touch'd it, and  
the earth  
They fell on became hallow'd evermore.

We turn'd: our eyes met: her's were bright,  
and mine [sunset  
Were dim with floating tears, that shot the  
In light rings round me; and my name was  
borne  
Upon her breath. Henceforth my name has  
been  
A hallow'd memory, like the names of old;  
A center'd, glory-circled memory,  
And a peculiar treasure, brooking not  
Exchange or currency; and in that hour  
A hope flow'd round me, like a golden mist  
Charm'd amid eddies of melodious airs,  
A moment, ere the onward whirlwind shat-  
ter it,  
Waver'd and floated—which was less than  
Hope,  
Because it lack'd the power of perfect Hope;  
But which was more and higher than all Hope,  
Because all other Hope hath lower aim;  
Even that this name to which her seraph lips  
Did lend such gentle utterance, this one  
name  
In some obscure hereafter, might inwreathe

THE LOVER'S TALE

(How lovelier, nobler then!) her life, her love,  
With my life, love, soul, spirit and heart and  
strength.

“Brother,” she said, “let this be call'd hence-  
forth  
The Hill of Hope”; and I replied: “O sister,  
My will is one with thine; the Hill of Hope.”  
Nevertheless, we did not change the name.

Love lieth deep; Love dwells not in lip-  
depths:

Love wraps her wings on either side the  
heart,

Constraining it with kisses close and warm,  
Absorbing all the incense of sweet thoughts  
So that they pass not to the shrine of sound.

Else had the life of that delighted hour  
Drunk in the largeness of the utterance  
Of Love; but how should earthly measure  
mete

The heavenly unmeasured or unlimited  
Love,

Which scarce can tune his high majestic  
sense

Unto the thunder-song that wheels the  
spheres;

Scarce living in the Æolian harmony,  
And flowing odour of the spacious air;  
Scarce housed in the circle of this earth:  
Be cabin'd up in words and syllables,  
Which waste with the breath that made 'em.

*THE LOVER'S TALE*

Sooner earth  
Might go round heaven, and the straight  
girth of Time  
Inswathe the fullness of Eternity,  
Than language grasp the infinite of Love.

O day, which did enwomb that happy hour,  
Thou art blessed in the years, divinest day !  
O Genius of that hour which dost uphold  
Thy coronal of glory like a God,  
Amid thy melancholy mates far-seen,  
Who walk before thee, and whose eyes are  
dim

With gazing on the light and depth of thine  
Thy name is ever worshipp'd among hours !  
Had I died then, I had not seem'd to die  
For bliss stood round me like the lights of  
heaven,

That cannot fade, they are so burning bright.  
Had I died then, I had not known the  
death ;

Planting my feet against this mound of time  
I had thrown me on the vast, and from this  
impulse

Continuing and gathering ever, ever,  
Agglomerated swiftness, I had lived  
That intense moment thro' eternity.

Oh, had the Power from whose right hand  
the light

Of Life issueth, and from whose left hand  
floweth

The shadow of Death, perennial effluences,



THE LOVER'S TALE

Whereof to all that draw the wholesome air,  
Somewhile the one must overflow the other ;  
Then had he stemm'd my day with night and  
driven

My current to the fountain whence it  
sprang—

Even his own abiding excellence—

On me, methinks, that shock of gloom had  
fall'n

Unfelt, and like the sun I gazed upon,

Which, lapt in seeming dissolution,

And dipping his head low beneath the verge,

Yet bearing round about him his own day,

In confidence of unbated strength,

Steppeth from heaven to heaven, from light  
to light,

And holdeth his undimmed forehead far

Into a clearer zenith, pure of cloud ;

So bearing on thro' Being limitless

The triumph of this foretaste, I had merged

Glory in glory, without sense of change.

We trod the shadow of the downward hill ;

We pass'd from light to dark. On the other  
side

Is scooped a cavern and a mountain-hall,

Which none have fathom'd. If you go far in,

(The country people rumour) you may hear

The moaning of the woman and the child,

Shut in the secret chambers of the rock.

I too have heard a sound—perchance of  
streams

THE LOVER'S TALE

Running far-off within its inmost halls,  
The home of darkness, but the cavern  
    mouth,  
Half overtrailed with a wanton weed  
Gives birth to a brawling stream, that stepping  
    lightly  
Adown a natural stair of tangled roots,  
Is presently received in a sweet grove  
Of eglantine, a place of burial  
Far lovelier than its cradle ; for unseen,  
But taken with the sweetness of the place,  
It giveth out a constant melody  
That drowns the nearer echoes. Lower  
    down  
Spreads out a little lake, that, flooding,  
    makes  
Cushions of yellow sand ; and from the  
    woods  
That belt it rise three dark tall cypresses ;  
Three cypresses, symbols of mortal woe,  
That men plant over graves.

Hither we came,  
And sitting down upon the golden moss  
Held converse sweet and low—low converse  
    sweet,  
In which our voices bore least part. The  
    wind  
Told a love-tale beside us, how he woo'd  
The waters, and the crisped waters lisp'd  
The kisses of the wind, that, sick with love,  
Fainted at intervals, and grew again



*THE LOVER'S TALE*

To utterance of passion. Ye cannot shape  
Fancy so fair as is this memory.  
Methought all excellence that ever was  
Had drawn herself from many thousand  
years,

And all the separate Edens of this earth,  
To centre in this place and time. I listen'd,  
And her words stole with most prevailing  
sweetness

Into my heart, as thronged fancies come,  
All unawares, into the poet's brain ;  
Or as the dew-drops on the petal hung,  
When summer winds break their soft sleep  
with sighs,

Creep down into the bottom of the flower.  
Her words were like a coronal of wild  
blooms

Strung in the very negligence of Art,  
Or in the art of Nature, where each rose  
Doth faint upon the bosom of the other,  
Flooding its angry cheek with odorous  
tears.

So each with each inwoven lived with each,  
And were in union more than double-  
sweet.

What marvel my Camilla told me all ?  
It was so happy an hour, so sweet a place,  
And I was as the brother of her blood,  
And by that name was wont to live in her  
speech,

Dear name ! which had too much of near-  
ness in it.

THE LOVER'S TALE

And heralded the distance of this time  
At first her voice was very sweet and low,  
As tho' she were afraid of utterance ;  
But in the onward current of her speech,  
(As echoes of the hollow-banked brooks  
Are fashioned by the channel which they  
keep)  
His words did of their meaning borrow  
sound,  
Her cheek did catch the colour of her words,  
I heard and trembled, yet I could but hear ;  
My heart paused,—my raised eyelids would  
not fall,  
But still I kept my eyes upon the sky.  
I seem'd the only part of Time stood still,  
And saw the motion of all other things ;  
While her words, syllable by syllable,  
Like water, drop by drop, upon my ear  
Fell, and I wish'd, yet wish'd her not to  
speak,  
But she spoke on, for I did name no wish.  
What marvel my Camilla told me all  
Her maiden dignities of Hope and Love,  
“Perchance” she said “return'd.” Even  
then the stars  
Did tremble in their stations as I gazed ;  
But she spake on, for I did name no wish,  
No wish—no hope. Hope was not wholly  
dead,  
But breathing hard at the approach of Death,  
Updrawn in expectation of her change—  
Camilla, my Camilla, who was mine

*THE LOVER'S TALE*

No longer in the dearest use of mine—  
The written secrets of her inmost soul  
Lay like an open scroll before my view,  
And my eyes read, they read aright, her  
heart

Was Lionel's: it seem'd as tho' a link  
Of some light chain within my inmost frame  
Was riven in twain: that life I heeded not  
Flow'd from me, and the darkness of the  
grave,

The darkness of the grave and utter night,  
Did swallow up my vision: at her feet,  
Even the feet of her I loved, I fell,  
Smit with exceeding sorrow unto death.

Then had the earth beneath me yawning  
given

Sign of convulsion: and tho' horrid rifts  
Sent up the moaning of unhappy spirits  
Imprison'd in her centre, with the heat  
Of their infolding element; had the angels,  
The watchers at heaven's gate, push'd them  
apart,

And from the golden threshold had down-  
roll'd

Their heaviest thunder, I had lain as still,  
And blind and motionless as then I lay!  
White as quench'd ashes, cold as were the  
hopes

Of my lorn love! What happy air shall woo  
The wither'd leaf fall'n in the woods, or  
blasted

THE LOVER'S TALE

Upon this bough? a lightning stroke had  
come

Even from that Heaven in whose light I  
bloom'd

And taken away the greenness of my life,  
The blossom and the fragrance. Who was  
cursed

But I? who miserable but I? even Misery  
Forgot herself in that extreme distress,  
And with the overdoing of her part  
Did fall away into oblivion.

The night in pity took away my day  
Because my grief as yet was newly born,  
Of too weak eyes to look upon the light,  
And with the hasty notice of the ear,  
Frail Life was startled from the tender love  
Of him she brooded over. Would I had  
lain

Until the pleached ivy tress had wound  
Round my worn limbs, and the wild briar  
had driven

Its knotted thorns thro' my unpaining brows  
Leaning its roses on my faded eyes.

The wind had blown above me, and the  
rain

Had fall'n upon me, and the gilded snake  
Had nestled in this bosomthrone of love,  
But I had been at rest for evermore.

Long time entrancement held me: all too  
soon,

Life (like a wanton too-officious friend

THE LOVER'S TALE

Who will not hear denial, vain and rude  
With proffer of unwished for services)  
Entering all the avenues of sense,  
Pass'd thro into his citadel, the brain  
With hated warmth of apprehensiveness :  
And first the chillness of the mountain  
stream

Smote on my brow, and then I seem'd to  
hear

Its murmur, as the drowning seaman hears,  
Who with his head below the surface dropt,  
Listens the dreadful murmur indistinct  
Of the confused seas, and knoweth not  
Beyond the sound he lists : and then came  
in

O'erhead the white light of the weary moon,  
Diffused and molten into flaky cloud.  
Was my sight drunk, that it did shape to me  
Him who should own that name? or had my  
fancy

So lethargised discernment in the sense,  
That she did act the step-dame to mine eyes,  
Warping their nature, till they minister'd  
Unto her swift conceits? 'Twere better  
thus

If so be that the memory of that sound  
With mighty evocation, had updrawn  
The fashion and the phantasm of the form  
It should attach to. There was no such  
thing.—

It was the man she loved, even Lionel,  
The lover Lionel, the happy Lionel,

THE LOVER'S TALE

All joy ; who drew the happy atmosphere  
Of my unhappy sighs, fed with my tears,  
To him the honey dews of orient hope.  
Oh ! rather had some loathly ghastful brow,  
Half-bursten from the shroud, in cere cloth  
bound,

The dead skin withering on the fretted bone,  
The very spirit of Paleness made still paler  
By the shuddering moonlight, fix'd his eyes  
on mine

Horrible with the anger and the heat  
Of the remorseful soul alive within,  
And damn'd unto his loathed tenement.  
Methinks I could have sooner met that gaze !  
Oh, how her choice did leap forth from his  
eyes !

Oh, how her love did clothe itself in smiles  
About his lips ! This was the very arch-mock  
And insolence of uncontrolled Fate,  
When the effect weigh'd seas upon my head  
To twit me with the cause.

Why how was this ?

Could he not walk what paths he chose, nor  
breathe

What airs he pleased ? Was not the wide  
earth free,

With all her interchange of hill and plain  
To him as well as me ? I know not, faith :  
But Misery, like a fretful, wayward child,  
Refused to look his author in the face,  
Must he come my way too ? Was not the  
South,

*THE LOVER'S TALE*

The East, the West, all open, if he had fall'n  
In love in twilight? Why should he come  
my way,

Robed in those robes of light I must not  
wear,

With that great crown of beams about his  
brows?

Come like an angel to a damned soul?

To tell him of the bliss he had with God;

Come like a careless and a greedy heir,

That scarce can wait the reading of the will

Before he takes possession? Was mine a  
mood

To be invaded rudely, and not rather

A sacred, secret, unapproached woe

Unspeakable? I was shut up with grief;

She took the body of my past delight,

Narded, and swathed and balm'd it for her-  
self,

And laid it in a new-hewn sepulchre,

Where man had never lain. I was led mute

Into her temple like a sacrifice;

I was the high-priest in her holiest place,

Not to be loudly broken in upon.

Oh! friend, thoughts deep and heavy as these  
well-nigh

O'erbore the limits of my brain; but he

Bent o'er me, and my neck his arm upstay'd

From earth. I thought it was an adder's fold,

And once I strove to disengage myself,

But fail'd, I was so feeble. She was there too:

She bent above me too: her cheek was pale,



THE LOVER'S TALE

Oh ! very fair and pale : rare pity had stolen  
The living bloom away, as tho' a red rose  
Should change into a white one suddenly.  
Her eyes, I saw, were full of tears in the morn,  
And some few drops of that distressful rain  
Being wafted on the wind, drove in my sight,  
And being there they did break forth afresh  
In a new birth, immingled with my own,  
And still bewept my grief. Keeping un-  
changed  
The purport of their coinage. Her long  
ringlets,  
Drooping and beaten with the plaining wind,  
Did brush my forehead in their to-and-fro :  
For in the sudden anguish of her heart  
Loosed from their simple thrall they had  
flowed abroad,  
And onward floating in a full, dark wave,  
Parted on either side her argent neck,  
Mantling her form half way. She, when I  
woke,  
After my refluent health made tender quest  
Unanswer'd, for I spoke not : for the sound  
Of that dear voice so musically low,  
And now first heard with any sense of pain,  
As it had taken life away before,  
Choked all the syllables that in my throat  
Strove to uprise, laden with mournful thanks,  
From my full heart : and ever since that  
hour,  
My voice hath somewhat falter'd—and what  
wonder



THE LOVER'S TALE

That when hope died, part of her eloquence  
Died with her? He, the blissful lover, too,  
From his great hoard of happiness distill'd  
Some drops of solace; like a vain rich man,  
That, having always prosper'd in the world,  
Folding his hands, deals comfortable words  
To hearts wounded for ever; yet, in truth,  
Fair speech was his and delicate of phrase,  
Falling in whispers on the sense, address'd  
More to the inward than the outward ear,  
As rain of the midsummer midnight soft  
Scarce-heard, recalling fragrance and the  
green

Of the dead spring—such as in other minds  
Had film'd the margents of the recent  
wound.

And why was I to darken their pure love,  
If, as I knew, they two did love each other,  
Because my own was darken'd? Why was I  
To stand within the level of their hopes,  
Because my hope was widow'd, like the cur  
In the child's adage? Did I love Camilla?  
Ye know that I did love her: to this present  
My full-orb'd love hath waned not. Did I  
love her,

And could I look upon her tearful eyes?  
Tears wept for me; for me—weep at my  
grief?

What had *she* done to weep—let my heart  
Break rather—whom the gentlest airs of  
heaven

Should kiss with an unwonted gentleness.

THE LOVER'S TALE

Her love did murder mine ; what then ? she  
deem'd

I wore a brother's mind : she call'd me  
brother :

She told me all her love : she shall not weep.

The brightness of a burning thought awhile  
Battailing with the glooms of my dark will,  
Moonlike emerged, lit up unto itself,  
Upon the depth of an unfathom'd woe,  
Reflex of action. Starting up at once,  
As men do from a vague and horrid dream,  
And throwing by all consciousness of self,  
In eager haste I shook him by the hand ;  
Then flinging myself down upon my knees  
Even where the grass was warm where I had  
lain,

I pray'd aloud to God that he would hold  
The hand of blessing over Lionel,  
And her whom he would make his wedded  
wife,

Camilla ! May their days be golden days,  
And their long life a dream of linked love,  
From which may rude Death never startle  
them,

But grow upon them like a glorious vision  
Of unconceived and awful happiness,  
Solemn but splendid, full of shapes and  
sounds,

Swallowing its precedent in victory.

Let them so love that men and boys may say,  
Lo ! how they love each other ! till their love

THE LOVER'S TALE

Shall ripen to a proverb unto all,  
Known when their faces are forgot in the  
land.

And as for me, Camilla, as for me,  
Think not thy tears will make my name grow  
green,—

The dew of tears is an unwholesome dew.  
The course of Hope is dried,—the life o' the  
plant—

They will but sicken the sick plant more.  
Deem then I love thee but as brothers do,  
So shalt thou love me still as sisters do ;  
Or if thou dream'st aught farther, dream but  
how

I could have loved thee, had there been none  
else

To love as lovers, loved again by thee.

Or this, or somewhat like to this, I spoke,  
When I did see her weep so ruefully ;  
For sure my love should ne'er induce the  
front

And mask of Hate, whom woful ailments  
Of unavailing tears and heart deep moans  
Feed and envenom, as the milky blood  
Of hateful herbs a subtle-fanged snake.  
Shall Love pledge Hatred in her bitter  
draughts,

And batten on his poisons? Love forbid!  
Love passeth not the threshold of cold Hate,  
And Hate is strange beneath the roof of Love.  
O Love, if thou be'st Love, dry up these tears

THE LOVER'S TALE

Shed for the love of Love ; for tho' mine  
image,

The subject of thy power, be cold in her,  
Yet, like cold snow, it melteth in the source  
Of these sad tears, and feeds their downward  
flow.

So Love, arraign'd to judgment and to death,  
Received unto himself a part of blame.  
Being guiltless, as an innocent prisoner,  
Who when the woful sentence hath been past,  
And all the clearness of his fame hath gone  
Beneath the shadow of the curse of men,  
First falls asleep in swoon. Wherefrom  
awaked

And looking round upon his tearful friends,  
Forthwith and in his agony conceives  
A shameful sense as of a cleaving crime—  
For whence without some guilt should such  
grief be ?

So died that hour, and fell into the abysm  
Of forms outworn, but not to me outworn,  
Who never hail'd another worth the Life  
That made it sensible. So died that hour,  
Like odour rapt into the winged wind  
Borne into alien lands and far away.  
There be some hearts so airy-fashioned,  
That in the death of love, if e'er they loved,  
On that sharp ridge of utmost doom ride  
highly

Above the perilous seas of change and chance ;  
Nay, more, hold out the lights of cheerfulness ;

*THE LOVER'S TALE*

As the tall ship, that many a dreary year  
Knit to some dismal sandbank far at sea,  
All through the lifelong hours of utter dark,  
Showers slanting light upon the dolorous  
    wave.

For me all other Hopes did sway from that  
Which hung the frailest : falling, they fell too,  
Crush'd link on link into the beaten earth,  
And Love did walk with banish'd Hope no  
    more,

It was ill-done to part ye, Sisters fair ;  
Love's arms were wreathed about the neck  
    of Hope,

And Hope kiss'd Love, and Love drew in  
    her breath

In that close kiss, and drank her whisper'd  
    tales.

They said that Love would die when Hope  
    was gone,

And Love mourned long, and sorrow'd after  
    Hope ;

At last she sought out memory, and they trod  
The same old paths where Love had walked  
    with Hope,

And Memory fed the soul of Love with tears.

II

FROM that time forth I would not see her  
    more,

But many weary moons I lived alone—  
Alone, and in the heart of the great forest.

THE LOVER'S TALE

Sometimes upon the hills beside the sea  
All day I watched the floating isles of shade,  
And sometimes on the shore, upon the sands  
Insensibly I drew her name, until  
The meaning of the letters shot into  
My brain : anon the wanton billow wash'd  
Them over, till they faded like my love.

The hollow caverns heard me—the black  
brooks

Of the mid-forest heard me—the soft winds,  
Laden with thistledown and seeds of flowers,  
Paused in their course to hear me, for my  
voice

Was all of thee : the merry linnet knew me,  
The squirrel knew me, and the dragon-fly  
Shot by me like a flash of purple fire.

The rough briar tore my bleeding palms ; the  
hemlock,

Brow high, did strike my forehead as I pas'd ;  
Yet trod I not the wild-flower in my path,  
Nor bruised the wild-bird's egg.

Was this the end ?

Why grew we then together i' the same plot ?  
Why fed we the same fountain ? drew the  
same sun ?

Why were our mothers branches of one stem ?  
Why were we one in all things, save in that  
Where to have been one had been the roof  
and crown

Of all I hoped and fear'd ? if that same  
nearness

Were father to this distance, and that *one*



THE LOVER'S TALE

Vauntcourier this *double*? If Affection  
Living slew Love, and Sympathy hew'd out  
The bosom-sepulchre of Sympathy.

Chiefly I sought the cavern and the hill  
Where last we roam'd together, for the sound  
Of the loud stream was pleasant, and the wind  
Came wooingly with violet smells. Sometimes  
All day I sat within the cavern-mouth,  
Fixing my eyes on those three cypress-cones  
Which spired above the wood; and with mad  
hand

Tearing the bright leaves of the ivy-screen,  
I cast them in the noisy brook beneath,  
And watch'd them till they vanished from my  
sight

Beneath the bower of wreathed eglantines :  
And all the fragments of the living rock,  
(Huge splinters, which the sap of earliest  
showers,

Or moisture of the vapour, left in clinging,  
When the shrill storm-blast feeds it from  
behind,

And scatters it before, had shatter'd from  
The mountain, till they fell, and with the shock  
Half dug their own graves), in mine agony,  
Did I make bare of all the deep rich moss  
Wherewith the dashing runnel in the spring  
Had liveried them all over. In my brain  
The spirit seem'd to flag from thought to  
thought, [my blood  
Like moonlight wandering through a mist :

*THE LOVER'S TALE*

Crept like the drains of a marsh thro' all my  
body ;  
The motions of my heart seem'd far within me,  
Unfrequent, low, as tho' it told its pulses ;  
And yet it shook me, that my frame did  
shudder,  
As it were drawn asunder by the rack.  
But over the deep graves of Hope and Fear,  
The wreck of ruin'd life and shatter'd thought,  
Brooded one master-passion evermore,  
Like to a low hung and a fiery sky  
Above some great metropolis, earth shock'd  
Hung round with ragged-rimmed burning  
folds,  
Embathing all with wild and woful hues—  
Great hills of ruins, and collapsed masses  
Of thunder-shaken columns, indistinct  
And fused together in the tyrannous light.

So gazed I on the ruins of that thought  
Which was the playmate of my youth—for  
which  
I lived and breathed : the dew, the sun, the  
rain,  
Unto the growth of body and of mind ;  
The blood, the breath, the feeling and the  
motion,  
The slope into the current of my years,  
Which drove them onward—made them sen-  
sible ;  
The precious jewel of my honour'd life,  
Erewhile close couch'd in golden happiness,



*THE LOVER'S TALE*

Now proved counterfeit, was shaken out,  
And, trampled on, left to its own decay.

Sometimes I thought Camilla was no more,  
Some one had told me she was dead, and  
ask'd me

If I would see her burial : then I seem'd  
To rise, and thro' the forest-shadow borne  
With more than mortal swiftness, I ran down  
The steepy sea-bank, till I came upon  
The rear of a procession, curving round  
The silver-sheeted bay : in front of which  
Six stately virgins, all in white, upbare  
A broad earth-sweeping pall of whitest lawn,  
Wreathed round the bier with garlands : in  
the distance,

From out the yellow woods, upon the hill,  
Look'd forth the summit and the pinnacles  
Of a grey steeple. All the pageantry,  
Save those six virgins which upheld the bier,  
Were stoled from head to foot in flowing  
black ;

One walk'd abreast with me, and veiled his  
brow,

And he was loud in weeping and in praise  
Of the departed : a strong sympathy  
Shook all my soul : I flung myself upon  
him

In tears and cries : I told him all my love,  
How I had loved her from the first ; whereat  
He shrunk and howl'd, and from his brow  
drew back

THE LOVER'S TALE

His hand to push me from him ; and the  
face,  
The very face and form of Lionel, [brain,  
Flash'd through my eyes into my innermost  
And at his feet I seem'd to faint and fall,  
To fall and die away. I could not rise,  
Albeit I strove to follow. They pass'd on,  
The lordly Phantasms ; in their floating  
folds  
They pass'd and were no more : but I had  
fall'n  
Prone by the dashing runnel on the grass.

Always th' inaudible, invisible thought  
Artificer and subject, lord and slave  
Shaped by the audible and visible,  
Moulded the audible and visible ;  
All crisped sounds of wave, and leaf and  
wind,  
Flatter'd the fancy of my fading brain ;  
The storm-pavilion'd element, the wood,  
The mountain, the three cypresses, the cave,  
Were wrought into the tissue of my dream.  
The moanings in the forest, the loud stream,  
Awoke me not, but were a part of sleep ;  
And voices in the distance, calling to me,  
And in my vision bidding me dream on,  
Like sounds within the twilight realms of  
dreams,  
Which wander round the bases of the hills,  
And murmur in the low-dropt eaves of  
sleep,

*THE LOVER'S TALE*

But faint within the portals. Oftentimes  
The vision had fair prelude, in the end  
Opening on darkness, stately vestibules  
To cares and shows of Death ; whether the  
mind,  
With a revenge even to itself unknown,  
Made strange division of its suffering  
With her, whom to have suffering view'd had  
been  
Extremest pain ; or that the clear-eyed  
Spirit,  
Being blasted in the Present, grew at length  
Prophetical and prescient of whate'er  
The Future had in store ; or that which  
most  
Enchains belief, the sorrow of my spirit  
Was of so wide a compass it took in  
All I had loved, and my dull agony,  
Ideally to her transferr'd, became  
Anguish intolerable.

The day waned ;  
Alone I sat with her : about my brow  
Her warm breath floated in the utterance  
Of silver-chorded tones : her lips were sun-  
der'd  
With smiles of tranquil bliss, which broke in  
light  
Like morning from her eyes—her eloquent  
eyes  
(As I have seen them many hundred times),  
Fill'd all with clear pure fire, thro' mine down  
rain'd

THE LOVER'S TALE

Their spirit-searching splendours. As a vision  
Unto a haggard prisoner, iron-stay'd  
In damp and dismal dungeons underground  
Confined on points of faith, when strength  
is shock'd

With torment, and expectancy of worse  
Upon the morrow, thro' the ragged walls,  
All unawares before his half-shut eyes,  
Comes in upon him in the dead of night,  
And with th' excess of sweetness and of awe,  
Makes the heart tremble, and the eyes run  
over

Upon his steely gyves ; so those fair eyes  
Shone on my darkness forms which ever stood  
Within the magic cirque of memory,  
Invisible but deathless, waiting still  
The edict of the will to reassume  
The semblance of those rare realities  
Of which they were the mirrors. Now the  
light,  
Which was their life, burst through the cloud  
of thought  
Keen, irrepressible.

It was a room  
Within the summer-house of which I spoke,  
Hung round with paintings of the sea, and one  
A vessel in mid-ocean, her heaved prow  
Clambering, the mast bent, and the revin  
wind

In her sail roaring. From the outer day,  
Betwixt the closest ivies came a broad  
And solid beam of isolated light,

*THE LOVER'S TALE*

Crowded with driving atomies, and fell  
Slanting upon that picture, from prime youth  
Well-known, well-loved. She drew it long  
ago

Forth gazing on the waste and open sea,  
One morning when the upblown billow ran  
Shoreward beneath red clouds, and I had  
pour'd

Into the shadowing pencil's naked forms  
Colour and life : it was a bond and seal  
Of friendship, spoken of with tearful smiles ;  
A monument of childhood and of love,  
The poesy of childhood ; my lost love  
Symbol'd in storm. We gazed on it together  
In mute and glad remembrance, and each  
heart

Grew closer to the other, and the eye  
Was riveted and charm-bound, gazing like  
The Indian on a still-eyed snake, low  
crouch'd

A beauty which is death, when all at once  
That painted vessel, as with inner life,  
'Gan rock and heave upon that painted sea ;  
An earthquake, my loud heartbeats, made  
the ground

Roll under us, and all at once soul, life,  
And breath, and motion, pass'd and flow'd  
away

To those unreal billows : round and round  
A whirlwind caught and bore us ; mighty  
gyves,  
Rapid and vast, of hissing spray wind-driven

*THE LOVER'S TALE*

Far through the dizzy dark. Aloud she  
shriek'd—  
My heart was cloven with pain. I wound  
my arms  
About her : we whirl'd giddily : the wind  
Sung : but I clasp'd her without fear : her  
weight  
Shrank in my grasp, and over my dim eyes  
And parted lips which drank her breath,  
down hung  
The jaws of Death : I, screaming, from me  
flung  
The empty phantom : all the sway and whirl  
Of the storm dropt to windless calm, and I  
Down welter'd thro' the dark ever and ever.

## Apocryphal Poems

ALL the poems printed in the preceding pages may be definitely accepted as written by Tennyson. There are however some few other poems, printed in stray publications and volumes, which have been assigned to Tennyson on the slenderest evidence, or on none at all. Mr Shepherd in his *Bibliography* (1886) attributes to Tennyson a poem published in *Punch* in 1878, of which the first stanza is :

“Hast forgot Britain” ? Blatant buncombe  
 shapes  
 A Britain generous Britons would disown ;  
 A mock-Britannia, whose stage ermine drapes  
 A sham, of selfish frothiness upblown.  
 The truest lover of his land is not  
 The tap room patriot of the pipe and pot.



A VOLUME of Tennyson's poems, published in 1871 by Robbers of Amsterdam, contains a poem purporting to be a sequel to *Lady Clara Vere de Vere*. It begins :

Dear Lady Clara Vere de Vere,  
 How strange with you once more to meet,  
 To hold your hand, to hear your voice,  
 To sit beside you on this seat !  
 You mind the time we sat here last ?—  
 Two little children,—lovers we,  
 Each loving each with simple faith—  
 I all to you—you all to me.



APOCRYPHAL POEMS

IN the *West Briton* of August 19, 1897, there was published a poem attributed to Tennyson, reprinted from *All the Year Round* for October, 1864. It is supposed to have been written by Tennyson during a visit to Cornwall in 1860. But with a fairly complete knowledge of Tennyson at his worst—and at his worst Tennyson could be bad indeed!—the editor of the BOOKLET hesitates to assign to him the guilt of such doggerel as this :

Hast thou ever in a travel  
Through the Cornish lands,  
Heard the great Atlantic roaring  
On the firm wide tawny flooring  
Of the Perran sands ?





586

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